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No. 965

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MARCH 28, 1924

Price 8 Cents

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

BOSS OF THE MARKET;

OR, THE GREATEST BOY IN WALL STREET.

AND OTHER STORIES

By A SELF-MADE MAN.



If a bomb had suddenly exploded in the office a scene of greater consternation could not have ensued. The brokers, without an exception, made a mad rush for the door, almost tumbling over one another in their haste to get out.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1924

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BOSS OF THE MARKET

OR, THE GREATEST BOY IN WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Introduces Our Hero and Two Other Important Characters.

"That's the smartest boy in Wall Street," remarked pretty Elsie Carter to Oakley Thorne, a sprucely-dressed young man of twenty, with an incipient mustache and the air of one who thought himself the whole thing.

Elsie was the stenographer for Baring & Co., stock brokers, Vanderpool Building, Exchange Place, while Thorne was margin clerk for Bradford, Winberry & Co., whose offices were in Broadway. They were standing at the corner of Exchange Place and Broad street when a bright, manly-looking and well-dressed boy passed by to whom Elsie bowed with a smile. Thorne greatly admired Elsie, and sought every opportunity to cultivate her acquaintance, but the girl did not reciprocate the feeling. A moment before, while on her way to lunch, she had met Oakley Thorne face to face, and he took advantage of the circumstance to stop her for a few minutes' conversation. Oakley didn't relish Elsie's remark, and, moreover, was a bit jealous on account of the evident friendliness which the girl exhibited for the boy in question, who Thorne knew well and disliked for many reasons.

"Who says he is?" he retorted in an unpleasant tone.

"Well, I say so for one," replied Elsie, with a spirited laugh.

"You, Miss Carter!"

"My employer, Mr. Baring, thinks very highly of him, too. Besides, I have heard a number of brokers speak in glowing terms of Sidney Grant."

"Indeed," replied Thorne, sneeringly. "He must be quite a phenomenon, then."

"He is a good boy, at any rate, and a perfect gentleman," said the girl, with a slight flush, as if she resented her companion's attitude toward the subject of their conversation. "He supports his widowed mother and his crippled sister on a messenger's salary, and such a boy is well worthy of any person's respect."

With these words and a slight bow the young lady attempted to pass on, but the margin clerk detained her.

"Wait a moment, Miss Carter," he said.

"You will have to excuse me, Mr. Thorne. I am in a hurry to go to my lunch."

"What's the matter with lunching with me. We can go right around to Drake's."

"No, thank you," she replied with a little laugh; "I prefer to lunch alone."

"But you might make an exception in my favor. I should esteem it an honor to be afforded the pleasure of your company. I patronize quite a tony restaurant."

"I am ever so much obliged for the invitation," replied the girl, in a tone of forced politeness, "but I prefer to go alone."

Oakley was not pleased with her refusal. He had been maneuvering for a month to get her to go to lunch with him some day, as he was eager to show his friends who patronized a certain restaurant what a charming girl he had on the string, as he put it.

"She thinks a great deal too much of Sid Grant to suit me," he snarled, with an ugly frown. "Just as if that beggar amounted to anything. I wonder where he gets the money to dress as he does and at the same time support a mother and invalid sister? Bah! He makes me sick!"

Having thus relieved his feelings, Thorne turned on his heel and proceeded to the swell restaurant on Beaver street, where he was accustomed to blow in seventy-five cents nearly every noon hour. In the meantime Sidney Grant had dropped into another place himself, and finding all the stools occupied, and a crowd waiting to grab the first vacant one, he walked on to the tables, largely occupied by young ladies employed in the financial district. He hadn't stood half a minute before a girl got up alongside of him and he took her chair in a twinkling. He called for beef stew, a cup of coffee and custard pie, and had barely commenced his meal before Elsie Carter came tripping in, and just as she was passing the table the gentleman opposite to Sid got up, with his check in his hand, and started for the pay counter.

Miss Carter took the seat and found herself face to face with Sid.

"We meet again, Miss Elsie," the boy smiled, as the girl favored him with one of her bright glances.

"It seems so, doesn't it?" she laughed.

Then a waitress came up and took her order and she asked:

"May I ask how your mother and sister are?"

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"They were all right when I left home this morning, thank you."

"It is too bad your sister is so afflicted," said Elsie, sympathetically.

"It is, indeed, Miss Elsie," replied Sid, soberly. "And she is the best little sister in the world, too."

"And you are a good brother to her, I know," flashing a look at Sid that set his blood all of a tingle, for if there was a girl he liked next to his sister Nellie, that girl was Elsie Carter.

"I try to be. She can't go out like other girls unless some one is with her, either mother or I, and as mother is always pretty busy she has come to rely on me."

"Most boys prefer to take out some one else's sister," said Elsie, demurely.

"Perhaps that is natural," he replied, with a little smile; "but I'll never desert Nellie. I wouldn't have the heart to do that. She's so patient and cheerful, and she thinks the world of me. Why, I'd be a brute if I didn't do everything in my power to make her happy."

A tear glistened in Sid's eye. Elsie saw it, and for an instant her own grew moist as she thought of the unfortunate cripple to whom her heart went out. Then a look of respect and admiration for the loyal brother took its place. Never before had she thought so much of Sid Grant as she did at that moment.

"Do you know, Miss Elsie, I do wish you'd let me take you up to our house and introduce you to my mother and sister. I've told Nellie about you, and she has often said she'd like to know you. She has very few, almost no girl friends. Those with whom she does occasionally get acquainted drop away soon because they don't find much amusement in associating with a cripple. Now I think you are different. You would like Nellie, I am sure, for you have a sympathetic heart. And Nellie—I know she'd love you."

"You are very kind to invite me," replied Elsie. "I should be very glad to make your sister's acquaintance. I'm sure if she's like you I shall like her very—"

Elsie stopped, a bright blush suffusing her cheeks, for she suddenly became conscious that she was saying too much. Sid's heart gave a jump, and the glance he gave her confused her still more; then he hastened to set her at ease by remarking that he would be very happy to take her up on the ensuing Saturday afternoon if her mother was willing she should go.

"I think mother will offer no objection," replied Elsie. "However, I will ask her and let you know before Saturday."

That was quite satisfactory to Sid, and both having finished their lunch, got up from the table and left the restaurant together.

CHAPTER II.—A Tip Worth a Fortune.

Sid worked as messenger for Samuel Grigsby, of No. — Wall Street, and had picked up one or two tips on the outside during the three years he had been with Grigsby. He had used them in a small way to his own advantage, which accounted for the account he had in a savings bank and the good clothes he managed to provide him-

self with. Nothing less than a pretty sure thing would have brought his little capital into action, and sure things were not often given out in Wall Street. Sid lived in Christopher street with his widowed mother and invalid sister, and he was as loyal to them as he was to his employer. When Sid returned from lunch on the day we introduce him to the reader he hung his hat up, and taking his customary seat began to look over the columns of a Wall Street daily. A little item away down at the foot of a lot of other items of varied importance arrested his attention for a moment.

It was an unconfirmed rumor that the Lehigh Valley Coal & Iron Co. was negotiating for the control of the Pennsylvania Short Line Railway, an independent line connecting with the Reading system. A similar rumor cropped up every few months, but nothing ever came of it. Sid didn't give the item any particular attention, and a few minutes later Grigsby's bell rang and he went to see what his employer wanted.

"Take this letter down to the offices of the Lehigh Valley Coal & Iron Co., No. 1 Broadway. Deliver it to Mr. Root."

"Yes, sir," replied Sid, promptly.

He put on his hat and left the office.

"It's funny that I should be sent to the very company I was reading the item about a few minutes ago," he thought, as he crossed Wall Street toward Broad.

He made good time to the Bowling Green Building and found that the company in question had a suite on the eight floor, so he took the elevator and was presently let out at that floor. The coal and iron company's rooms faced upon Broadway at the extreme end of the corridor. A typewriter girl came forward from her table as Sid entered the reception-room.

"I wish to see Mr. Root," he said.

"Mr. Root is engaged at present. Please take a seat."

Sid, instead of sitting down, went over to the open window and looked out. Presently the girl was called into an inner office and the boy was left alone. In a moment or two Mr. Root and his visitor came out of the former's private office and stopped within a few feet of Sid.

"Then your control of the Pennsylvania Short Line is an accomplished fact at last, eh?" Sid heard the visitor say.

"Yes; but not a word, remember. It is a profound secret at present. The papers were only signed this morning, and it will be two or three days before we shall let the fact leak out. By that time we shall have gathered in all the stock we can conveniently handle."

"The announcement of the deal will send Lehigh Valley stock booming."

"Undoubtedly. It has been steadily declining for some time, owing to the passing of our July dividend and the publication of adverse reports of the business done by the company during the first two quarters of this year."

"When do you think I'd better place an order for the stock?"

"Not before Thursday. It will probably be a point lower by that time. We shall not give the news to the press until about Friday noon, and the Exchange will get it by special messenger by that time. Buy as much of the stock as you can raise the money to pay for, and you are sure to

win a great many thousand dollars before this time next week."

"You can trust me doing that, George. I'm ever so much obliged to you for the tip. If at any time I can return the favor you may be sure I will."

"Don't mention it, Fred. All I ask of you is complete silence as to the facts I have confined to you. No one outside of yourself and the board of directors of this company must catch the slightest hint of our having secured complete control of the short line until we give the news out ourselves."

"It was a tiptop move to secure the shot line, as you can use all the cars for your own product to the exclusion of the Yankee Doodle Coal Company. The result is inevitable. The Yankee Doodle property will fall into your clutches just like an over-ripe pear from the tree. When that time comes the Lehigh Valley stock will take another move upward."

Mr. Root nodded with a quiet little laugh, and rubbed his hands.

"We have got things about where we want them at last. From this time out the Lehigh Valley Coal & Iron Company's stock will take its place among the gilt-edged securities of the day."

"There is not the slightest doubt of that fact," replied the other, bowing himself out of office.

Mr. Root, who was the secretary of the company, returned to his room without noticing the boy, who was standing at the window, and closed the door. Sid had heard every word of this brief conversation, and his quick comprehension told him that he had, in a most remarkable manner, got hold of an invaluable tip.

"It's worth a raft of money to a man with capital, and here I've only got a measly little \$260 in the bank to operate with. It's too bad. I can't go to Mr. Grigsby with this information because the president and several of the directors of this company are regular customers or ours. There isn't the least doubt but that this note I have brought has some reference to instructions in regard to the purchase of Lehigh Valley stock for Mr. Root and other gentlemen on the inside. Well, I suppose a few crumbs are better than no bread at all. I'll put my whole capital up on a ten per cent. margin, and I ought to clear anywhere from \$10 to \$20 a share. I never wished for a fat wad so much in my life before, for tips like this one are rare as rooster's eggs."

Sid left the window, opened the door and entered the room.

"Mr. Root?" he asked, inquiringly.

"That's my name," replied the secretary.

"I have brought a note from Mr. Grigsby."

"Take a seat," replied Mr. Root, holding out his hand for the envelope, which he immediately tore open and read.

He pondered a moment, then drew a pad toward him and wrote a brief reply which he sealed up in one of the company's envelopes, addressed it to Mr. Grigsby and handed it to Sid. The boy put the envelope carefully away in an inner pocket of his packet and left the secretary's office. The first thing he did when he reached his own office was to consult the market reports to see what Lehigh Valley Coal & Iron Co. was quoted at. He found it was ruling at 25.

CHAPTER III.—Sid Grant Proves He is an Honest Boy.

When Sid came home to supper that evening his sister Nellie noticed that he appeared to be in an unusually thoughtful frame of mind.

"What are you thinging about, Sid, dear?" asked the crippled girl, putting her arms around his neck in an affectionate manner, for he was seated beside her on the lounge.

"What would you give to know, Nellie?" he asked her, with a mischievous smile.

"Tell me what you were thinking of."

"I was thinking about the tip I got hold of to-day, and what a mint of money I could make out of it if I only had enough capital to go in with it and win."

"A tip, Sid! Do tell me all about it," she asked, eagerly, for she had quite a little knowledge of stock matters herself, for her brother had made her wise to the business in which he was engaged.

Sid gratified her curiosity at once, telling her just how he had obtained the valuable pointer on the Lehigh Valley Coal & Iron Co.

"Wasn't you fortunate!" she cried, clapping her hands.

"Say, I've got something else to tell you," he said; "something you'll like to hear, I'll bet."

"Then, do tell me."

"You remember, I've spoken to you several time about Elsie Carter, Baring & Co.'s stenographer?"

"Oh, yes. You speak so often about her that I'm almost getting jealous."

"What I like about Miss Carter is that she's a good, true-hearted girl. She's pretty, too; but that's only a side issue with me. Well, I lunched with her to-day, and spoke to her about you. I asked her if she wouldn't allow me to bring her here and introduce her to mother and you. She seemed touched when I told her you had so few girl friends. I guess she thought you must often feel lonesome. So she promised to come next Saturday afternoon if her mother had no objections."

"I'm so glad," said Nellie, gratefully. "I should dearly like to meet her. I long so for one nice girl friend that I could really call my own. Do you think she would really care much for a cripple like me?" asked the girl, with a quiver on her lips.

"I am sure she would," replied Sid, earnestly. "I'll bet a dollar you two will become real chums."

"Oh, if I could think so I'd be so happy, you don't know how happy, Sid, dear," cried Nellie, with tears springing to her lovely eyes. "I'm sure I shall love her. I feel as if I almost knew her already."

"Supper is ready, children," said Mrs. Grant, who had been bringing the dishes containing the evening meal into the dining-room where Sid and Nellie were talking. "Help your sister up to the table."

It was a cheerful meal, and after it was over Sid went out to see a friend who lived in the next block. Next day Sid drew \$250 from his bank and bought 100 shares of Lehigh Valley Coal & Iron Co. stock on a ten per cent. margin.

An hour after the transaction he saw a sale of 1,000 shares on the ticker for 24 7-10. Grigsby kept him on the jump that day carrying notes to a score of brokers. Sid wondered if he was already beginning to pick up Lehigh Valley stock. The last message of the day he carried over to Baring & Co. There was no answer to it, so Sid went into Elsie's little den to have a word or two with her.

"I'm glad you came over," she said to him. "It will save me writing to you. Mamma said she has no objection to my calling on your mother and sister Saturday. So," archly, "if you haven't changed your mind, I shall expect to see you here at one o'clock, which is the hour I get off."

"All right," replied Sid, tickled to death; "I'll be on hand to the minute."

As Elsie was busy the boy didn't remain over five minutes with her, and then hurried out of the office. As he turned the corner of the corridor leading to the elevator he stumbled over a long, flat pocketbook. He picked it up, opened it and found that it contained a dozen endorsed checks for various good-sized amounts, each check made out to the order of Goodwin, Nash & Co., stock-brokers, who had an office on that floor. In addition there were bills to the amount of \$5,000.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Sid. "What a find! Five thousand cash and," after looking the checks over and figured their total, "nine thousand in checks. Fourteen thousand dollars in all. Evidently all this belongs to Goodwin, Nash & Co. I must return it to them."

Such a thing as keeping the money and losing the wallet with the checks never occurred to Sid's mind. He wasn't built that way. He was as honest and upright as the day is long.

"Is Mr. Goodwin or Mr. Nash in?" he asked the office boy as he entered the reception-room of that firm.

"Out at lunch," replied the boy. "You can see Mr. Putnam. He's the junior partner."

"I will see him."

"What name?"

"Sid Grant, from Samuel Grigsby. Take my name to Mr. Putnam."

The boy did so rather ungraciously, and soon returned saying his boss would see him.

"Well," said Mr. Putnam, wheeling around in his chair and facing Sid with a frown upon his smoothly-shaven face, "what can I do for you? You're from Grigsby, I believe?"

"No, sir. I work for Mr. Grigsby, but he didn't send me here. This is a personal visit."

Mr. Putnam looked his surprise.

"I will listen to you," he said.

"Well, sir," began Sid. "I came to this building with a message for Baring & Co. One way back to the elevator I found a pocketbook with \$9,000 in checks and \$5,000 in cash. As the checks are made out to the order of Goodwin, Nash & Co., I thought——"

"Let me see that pocketbook," said Mr. Putnam, in some excitement.

Sid pulled it out of his pocket and handed it to him. The junior partner recognized it at once, even before opening it.

"I sent that to the bank by one of our clerks fifteen minutes ago. Evidently it slipped out of his pocket. Such carelessness is beyond my comprehension. I am very much obliged to you for

returning it," he said glancing over the contents and finding everything correct. "You are certainly an honest boy. You might easily have appropriated that money to your own use and destroyed the checks. No one would have been the wiser."

"I have been taught differently than that, sir. If I kept that money, with so plain a guide to its owner, I should have been no better than a thief."

"True; but how many boys, or men either, would have resisted the temptation to gain such a large sum? We shall not forget this favor, young man. Let me have your name, so I can tell Mr. Goodwin to whom we are indebted for saving us from such a loss."

"My name is Sid Grant."

"You are employed by Samuel Grigsby?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. You will hear from us. Mr. Goodwin will certainly recognize your honesty in a suitable manner."

"Excuse me, Mr. Putnam, if I say that I did not return that pocketbook in the hope of getting a reward. I do not expect any. I have simply done my duty, that is all. If Mr. Goodwin chooses to write me a letter of acknowledgment and thanks it is all I ought to expect."

"You seem to be an uncommon boy," replied the junior partner with a smile.

"I hope not, sir," replied Sid, rising. "I think there are many other boys who would have done just as I did under the same circumstances. Good-day, sir."

"Good-day, Grant. If you ever want a favor that Goodwin, Nash & Co. can grant, don't fail to call on us."

"Thank you, sir. I will remember your kind offer."

With that Sid passed out of the private office, just as a wild-eyed, excited young man came rushing into the reception-room.

"I'll bet a hat that's the clerk who lost the pocketbook," said Sid to himself. "I'd hate to be in his shoes. I'm afraid he'll have a strenuous time trying to square himself with the firm."

Then Sid walked out into the corridor and started for the elevator.

CHAPTER IV.—Sid Clears \$10,700 on His Lehigh Valley C. & I. Co. Tip.

Among the letters delivered by the postman next morning at the office of Samuel Grigsby was one addressed to Sidney Grant, bearing the imprint of Goodwin, Nash & Co. When he opened it a note and a check for \$500 made out to his order dropped into his hands. The note expressed the thanks of Goodwin, Nash & Co. to Sid for his kindness in so promptly returning to them the lost pocketbook with its contents intact, and hoped he would accept the enclosed check not as a reward but as a token of their appreciation of his conduct in the matter.

"Honesty is the best policy in this world," thought Sid. "This money comes in mighty handy just now. I shall buy 200 more shares of Lehigh Valley before I'm many hours older."

When he went to lunch he stopped at the broker's who had bought the other shares the day before for him and gave him an order to purchase the additional shares, which he got this time for 24. It didn't trouble him much that he was out \$100 on the deal so far, for he was satisfied the stock would soon make an encouraging advance. Sid watched the ticker pretty diligently when he got the chance, and he saw that there was considerable activity in Lehigh Valley C. & I. Co. In fact, there was so much doing in that stock that many brokers wondered what was up, and the price went up to 24 5-8 before the market closed at three o'clock. Next morning Lehigh Valley opened at 24 1-8, a drop of half a point from the closing price the day before, but before noon it had gone up to 25.

At half-past twelve the chairman's gavel called a momentary halt in the proceedings on the floor of the Exchange. In a few words he officially announced the consummation of the day whereby the Lehigh Valley C. & I. Co., had come into complete control of the Pennsylvania Short Line Railway. Intense excitement ensued and there was a wild rush of brokers to the Lehigh Valley standard to bid for the stock. But the stock was scarce. All who had any of it held on to it like grim death, while those who had during the last two days disposed of their holdings at the low price between 24 and 25 were kicking themselves for their stupidity in letting it go. The bidding went on fast and furious with no sales, and the price offered was continually on the rise until 35 was accepted for a few hundred shares, and this went on the ticker.

Sid had been watching the indicator up to the moment he went to lunch, and not seeing a sale of the stock he was interested in he took a run into the gallery of the Exchange while he was out. He was present when a sale of Lehigh Valley at 35 was made, and his heart gave a great jump for he realized he was \$3,000 to the good as the market then stood. When he reached the office another sale at 40 of a thousand shares appeared on the ticker. Inside of fifteen minutes he had made \$1,500 more. The last sale recorded just before the Exchange closed for the day was of 1,200 shares at 52. Sid was almost dazed by the sudden and rapid rise of the stock. So far his paper winnings were \$27 a share on his first hundred and \$28 a share on his second two hundred, in all \$8,300 profit in half a day.

"Great Cæsar!" he exclaimed to himself. "I wonder how much higher it will go!"

He couldn't get home fast enough that afternoon to tell Nellie the good news. He didn't mean that his mother should know anything about his stock operations until, as he confided to his sister under a pledge of profound secrecy, he could surprise her by placing in her hands a nice little wad of cash with which to buy herself a new gown and hat and other things she very much needed, and which their limited finances had prevented her from getting. To Nellie alone had Sid confided that fact that he had a small growing account in a savings bank, and the last thing Mr. Grant would have thought of was that her son had engaged in any stock speculating. Nellie saw by her brother's excited face that something unusual was in the

wind, and she waited impatiently for him to tell her what it was.

"It's Lehigh Valley," whispered Sid, for his mother was in the room at the time.

"Has it gone up?" Nellie asked, eagerly.

"Well, I should say it had. The cat was let out of the bag about noon to-day, and then there was the dickens to pay on the floor of the Exchange. I dropped in at the visitors' gallery at 1:30 and you'd have thought there was a regular battle around the Lehigh Valley post. The brokers were falling over one another trying to get hold of some of the shares, and they were not to be got until the price had gone up to 35, when somebody unloaded a measly three hundred shares. They were snapped up before you could wink. The next sale was 1,000 at 50. Now what do you think the stock closed at for the day?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Fifty-two, and my profit so far, not deducting the commissions, amount to—now don't jump, sis—\$8,300."

Nellie gave a little scream of delight.

"There isn't the least doubt in my mind that I'll clear at least \$10,000 on this deal, thanks to that \$500 I received from Goodwin, Nash & Co. for returning the pocketbook of theirs I was so lucky to find. You know I told you last night that I put \$480 of that into 200 shares of the Lehigh Valley."

"And how much will you make?" asked his sister.

"About \$10,500."

"Why, you'll be rich."

"For a messenger—yes."

"Oh, lots of grown-up people would consider themselves rich if they owned as much as that."

"It doesn't count for much in these days of big fortunes."

"It's awful nice to have so much money to call on, for everything is so high—food, rent and such."

"That's right. I'll give mother \$500, and with the rest I'll keep my eyes on the lookout for another chance to make more."

"Well, I hope you'll be careful not to lose it."

"Don't worry. I mean to be cautious."

Next day was Saturday and Lehigh Valley opened at 58 1-8. It reached 60 at eleven o'clock, and then came a lull in the trading of this particular stock. At half-past eleven it had only advanced half a point, so Sid telephoned his broker to sell. Inside of ten minutes his 300 shares had passed into other hands, and Sid had made \$10,700 profit. When the Exchange closed at noon Lehigh Valley had touched 61.

CHAPTER V.—Elsie Carter Calls on Nellie Grant.

At one o'clock Sid, feeling like a king, went around to Baring & Co., and found Elsie Carter waiting for him. They took a Broadway car on Eighth street and walked down that thoroughfare to Sixth avenue. Crossing the avenue diagonally, they entered Christopher street and kept straight on till Sid's home was reached. The

visitor was expected and lunch was waiting on the table.

"Mother," said Sid, "let me make you acquainted with Miss Elsie Carter."

"I am very happy to meet you, my dear," replied Mrs. Grant, greeting the girl warmly. "Sid has talked so often about you that you seem like an old friend."

Nellie was attired in a new and pretty gown that Sid had bought for the occasion, and she looked very charming as she reclined on the lounge with her crutch beside her.

"This is my sister Nellie, Miss Elsie," said Sid, leading the pretty stenographer to the lounge. "Nellie, this is Miss Elsie Carter."

Nellie impulsively threw her arms around Elsie's neck and kissed her.

"I am so happy to know you," she said.

"Great Scott!" grinned Sid. "Don't I wish I was you for about a minute, sis."

Elsie blushed to the temples.

"Don't mind him, Elsie. You don't know what a ridiculous boy my brother is."

"Oh, come now, Nellie, don't try to blast my reputation with Miss Carter. If you do she won't call on you again."

"The idea!" laughed Elsie.

"Now the tea and other things will be quite cold if you don't set up to lunch, my dears," interposed Mrs. Grant, coming into the dining-room.

"Miss Elsie, allow me to escort you to the table," said Sid, gallantly. "I am going to let you sit alongside of sis."

Elsie smiled and permitted him to seat her. Then he helped his sister to her customary chair, and the little mother began pouring out the tea. Sid kept things on the hum pretty much during the meal, and the young people enjoyed themselves greatly. Afterward the boy led the way to the sitting-room, and Elsie insisted on helping Nellie herself. Sid opened the piano and his sister played a number of pretty pieces in quite a brilliant manner for her visitor, who complimented the crippled girl on the remarkable ability she displayed as a pianist. Elsie was easily persuaded to remain to tea, but long before that event arrived the two girls had become fast friends, much to Sid's delight. As eight o'clock Elsie said it was time for her to go home so Sid got his hat prepared to see that she got there safely.

"Good-by, dear," said the pretty stenographer, taking an affectionate leave of her new friend.

"Good-by," said Nellie, throwing her arms lovingly about the girl's neck. "You will come to see me again, won't you—soon?"

"Yes, dear, I shall."

Elsie lived in Brooklyn, and Sid saw her safely to her door.

"You must come in and let me introduce you to mamma," she said.

So Sid allowed himself to be persuaded and found Mrs. Carter to be a fine little woman. She was quite taken with the stalwart, handsome boy, and was much interested in her daughter's account of his sister, whom Elsie described as one of the loveliest persons she had ever known. She invited Sid to call and spend an evening, and hoped that some Sunday he would be able to bring his sister over for a whole afternoon. On

Monday Sid got his check from his brokers, together with a statement of his account. At the first chance he hired a safe deposit box and put his money, all but \$750, into it for safe-keeping.

The \$750 he took home that night, full of anticipation of the surprise he was going to spring on his mother and incidentally on his sister, too. He showed the roll to Nellie and gave her the wink as they sat down to supper.

"You children seem to be greatly amused about something," remarked Mrs. Carter, toward the close of the meal, for she couldn't help noticing the tickled expression upon their faces, and which she could not wholly conceal.

"Sure we are," grinned Sid.

"I presume I am not to be admitted to your confidence," smiled the little widow.

"If you are very good we may let you in on a great secret," chuckled her son.

"So it's a secret, is it? Children should have no secrets from their mother," replied the widow, beaming upon them.

"That's right, mother. But this is an uncommon secret. I'm afraid if I tell you it will knock you silly."

"Oh, mamma," cried Nellie, "you'll be so happy when you hear it."

"Then it must be a very nice secret."

"It certainly is. Do you know, mother, I think you need a new dress badly," said Sid.

"New dresses cost money, my son, and money it not so plentiful with me that I can afford to be extravagant."

"But supposing somebody presented you with the money to buy yourself a nice new gown and a hat, too, not to speak of a lot of other things I know you are very much in need of, what would you say to that?"

"I am sure I don't know what I should say. I should be very much surprised."

"Don't you know any good friend who would do that much for you?" chuckled Sid.

"No," replied the little woman, shaking her head. "People in our position are seldom blessed with friends who can afford to be so liberal as all that."

"But," persisted the boy, "isn't there two persons in this world who think there isn't any one quite so good and nice as you are, who are just dying for an opportunity to make you as happy as the day is long? Isn't there?"

"You mean you and little Nellie?" answered Mrs. Grant, with an indulgent smile.

"I do. Well, one of these two persons has had a stroke of luck. He has raked in a small wad of boodle. He thinks it is only right that you should come in for a share of his prosperity, so he has brought home a slice of his winnings and he takes great pleasure in handing the same over to you, knowing that you need every cent of it and will use it to the best advantage."

Thus speaking Sid drew out the roll of bills, counted out five hundred dollars and tossed them over to his mother. Mrs. Grant was certainly astonished, but her astonishment increased when she opened the wad up and saw how much there was in it.

"Why, Sid, where did you get all this money?" she asked, with a look of wonder.

"I made it, mother."

"Why, there is five hundred dollars here. How could you possibly make all that?"

"I made it out of the stock market."

"But I don't understand how you could do that."

"Don't you? Well, that is only a fraction of my profits from a deal I closed out last Saturday. I cleared \$10,700."

"Sidney Grant!" exclaimed his amazed mother.

"I did, really, mother. Listen and I'll tell you all about it."

He then told her the story of his stock ventures from the time he started in with \$25 he managed to save one way or another. He explained how he had accumulated \$250 unknown to her; how he had got his tip on the Lehigh Valley C. & I. Co.; how he had found the pocketbook and for returning it to the owners had been presented with \$500, and how with this \$750 he had managed to buy 300 shares of the coal and iron company's stock.

"I sold out Saturday for 60, mother, after buying 100 shares at 25 and 200 at 24. After paying commissions I came into the sum I stated. I have got this \$10,700 locked up in a safe deposit in Wall Street. My \$750 capital on which I operated I am dividing between you and Nellie—\$500 to you and the \$250 to sis." Thus speaking. Sid threw the balance of the roll into his sister's lap. "There, Nellie, is a little surprise for you. I thought it wasn't fair to work it all on mother."

Sid laughed with great glee as he saw the look upon Nellie's face as she picked up the money. And while he was laughing his mother ran around the table and smothered him with thanks and kisses, and afterward Nellie insisted on taking her innings, so that for ten minutes as he afterward declared, he had the time of his life.

CHAPTER VI.—How Sid Took a Fall Out of Bradford, Winberry & Co.

Next day while in the sitting-room of a certain broker's office where Grigsby had sent him with a message he overheard a couple of well-known brokers talking about a deal that was forming in C. & U. stock. He listened intently to their conversation, though he pretended to be engrossed with his memorandum book. They paid very little attention to him and carried on their remarks in a low tone; but Sid had sharp ears, and consequently very little they said escaped him. He found that the stock, which was unknown to him, was selling quite low in the market, owing to the fact that the road hadn't paid a dividend in years and the prevailing impression that it was on the verge of going into the hands of a receiver. The pool that expected to make a lot of money by booming this particular stock was basing their calculations on certain inside information the chief member of the combine had managed to get hold of.

What this information was the brokers didn't mention, probably because they didn't know themselves. Sid heard enough, however, to convince him that C. & U. was a good stock to go into for a quick deal. So at the first chance he

locked up the late quotations and saw that the stock was ruling at 60. He went to his safe deposit box, drew \$6,000, and taking it around to his broker put it up for 1,000 shares on the usual margin. It was nearly a week before C. & U. showed any sign of unusual activity. Then he noticed a great number of sales at prices from 60 1-0 to 63. After that the price rose rapidly to 70. Sid had visions of a big haul and was congratulating himself on the probable winning of \$25,000, when he heard Grigsby tell Mr. Baring, as the latter was leaving the office, that in his opinion C. & U. would go to pieces before the day was out. This statement so frightened Sid that he rushed to the 'phone and ordered his shares sold. This was accomplished in a few minutes, and the next day he found himself \$9,750 in pocket.

C. & U., however, didn't go to pot as soon as Grigsby had calculated, but kept on up to 78, when the pool having got all out of it that they wanted, abandoned it to its fate, and those who were caught in the crash lost a good bit of money as a matter of course. A day or two after he had realized on his last deal he was sent over to Baring & Co. with a message, and he took advantage of the fact to go in and have a word with Elsie Carter. The first thing she said was that Oakley Thorne had met her as she was on her way home the preceding afternoon and had annoyed her with his attentions all the way to the bridge cars.

"I do wish he would leave me alone," she said, with an indignant toss of her head. "If he only knew what I thought of him I don't think he'd be so persistent in his attentions."

When Sid left he suddenly ran against Oakley Thorne on the ground floor of the building. That young man gave him a black look, for he guessed he had been up to Baring & Co.'s office, and was sure he had been talking to Elsie Carter. Sid didn't mind black looks from persons like Thorne, and he went on his way chuckling to himself, for he was satisfied that Oakley's nose was out of joint so far as Elsie Carter was concerned. The stock market was pretty active those days and Sid had about all the work he could attend to. It wasn't long before Sid found out that his employer was making a big fight to retain control of the United Traction lines of New Jersey. He was president of the holding company, and the directors were gentlemen identified with his interests. The opposition had been buying up such stock as they could find floating around, in the hope that they would secure enough of it to give them a controlling interest. On the face of it this didn't seem probable, as it was known that the Grigsby clique had a majority of the stock, and certainly there didn't seem to be any likelihood that any of them would part with their holdings.

Still everything is possible in Wall Street. Jim Bradford, of Bradford, Winberry & Co., was the head and front of the movement that was being made to do up Grigsby and his friends. Bradford was a fighter from way bak, and as foxy as they come, but Grigsby was not a bit afraid of him, or a dozen like him. The newspapers printed a good deal about the contest between these two men, and said that it promised

to be a battle royal between Titans of finance. At present only the preliminary skirmishing was being engineered by Bradford. Reporters were constantly trying to reach Grigsby's ear, and were just as persistently side-tracked by Sid when he was in the office at the time one of them appeared on the scene. Every once in a while one of these gentlemen of the pen succeeded in way-laying the big broker on the street and tackling him for his opinion as to the probable result of Bradford's factory, but all he could get out of Grigsby was a sardonic grin, which meant volumes if one knew how to translate it.

It was about this time that Sid ran smack against another good thing. And he wasn't looking for tips either, as he was almost too busy to make use of such a thing. Still he wasn't the lad to let a snap get away from him at any time. He accidentally discovered that the Bradford, Winberry & Co. clique were working up a boom in D. & L. shares. The Bradford people had determined to send it up to 110 if they could and then get out from under and let it fall back to its old standing. They began operations by circulating rumors against the road, and finally succeeded in breaking the prevailing price so that it fell to 82, at which point they began to load up. It was at that point Sid found out what they were up to through a penciled note that fell into his possession while he was in the Vanderpool building, where their offices were located.

Sid felt no compunction about using this information, on the principle that all is fair in the stock market, and particularly because his employer and the Bradford crowd were at daggers points. But he resolved to defeat their object of getting hold of a large quantity of the stock at the low price then ruling if he could and make a few dollars himself at the same time. So he managed to go to his safe deposit box, draw \$16,400 of his \$20,000 capital and put it up on 2,000 shares of D. & L. at 82. As soon as he was sure his commission had been executed he caught a five-minute interview with Mr. Grigsby and showed him the note he had found. Grigsby grinned like a fiend when he read it, patted Sid on the back, grabbed his hat and rushed over to the Exchange. In ten minutes the big broker and his friends were out-bidding the Bradford brokers on D. & L. and circulating rumors about the road that caused the stock to rush back to 90 in no time, and then send it up to 95. When it reached that figure, which it did next day, Sid sold out his shares at a profit of \$25,500.

Grigsby also got out at a big profit, selling nearly all his holdings through strange brokers directly to the Bradford brokers, and then Bradford, Winberry & Co., after an ineffectual effort to send the shares above 97, sold out as soon as they could at a fair profit, but far below the million they had started out to make. They were madder than a nest of hornets, for it was evident to them that their plans had leaked out somehow, though in spite of their best efforts to find out how this had happened, they failed to get an inkling of the true state of affairs. A few days later they found out that it was Grigsby who had practically done them up, and they were more furious than ever.

CHAPTER VII.—Sid is "Bounced" From Mr. Grigsby's Employ.

Sid had now accumulated a capital of \$46,000, and he began to have visions of presently blossoming out as a broker on his own account.

"I guess I've worked as a messenger long enough. I don't know what Mr. Grigsby's object is in keeping me running his errands for so long, unless he's afraid to employ a new boy, but just the same I'm tired of it. I think I'll have a talk with him."

So he asked for an interview one day and got it. Then he up and told Mr. Grigsby that he had decided to go into business on his own hook. He expected to see his employer look disgruntled at the idea of parting from him. Instead of that Grigsby only favored him with one of his sardonic smiles.

"How much money have you made in your deals on the market?" demanded the big broker, sharply.

Sid nearly fell off his chair, the question took him so much by surprise. He had never dreamed that Grigsby even suspected that he had been speculating in stocks. Brokers usually object to their employees doing such a thing, and Sid suddenly began to see visions of a bounce, which was not exactly the way he wanted to separate himself from Mr. Grigsby, even if he did feel reasonably independent in the possession of a fat wad.

"Forty-six thousand dollars, sir," faltered the boy.

Sid expected to see Mr. Grigsby look paralyzed at the size of his winnings, but again he was disappointed. Grigsby merely regarded him with another hyena-like grin.

"Humph!" the broker ejaculated; "pretty good for a boy like you. How much did you make out on the rise in D. & L. the other day?"

"I made \$25,500, sir."

"And I made \$250,000 on your tip."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir."

Another sardonic grin from Grigsby.

"As I am not in the habit of taking such tips for nothing, I shall make you a little present. Amos Jordan's seat on the Stock Exchange was sold under the hammer yesterday. Baring & Co. bought it in at my orders. I intend to give it to you."

"To me!" gasped Sid.

"Precisely—you. Now, listen, young man. I'm going to have a talk with you. You called for this interview and thus got a trifle ahead of me; but to-day is as good as to-morrow for what I've got to say. You're about as smart a boy as I have ever come across. You've worked faithfully for me as messenger for something more than three years, and I appreciate it, but just the same I'm going to bounce you just as hard as I can, and the whole Street is going to know that I'm through with you for good and all."

"Do you mean that, Mr. Grigsby?" gasped Sid in great dismay.

"Did you ever know me to say anything I didn't mean, young man?" grinned the big broker.

"No, sir," admitted Sid, looking down in the mouth, and Mr. Grigsby chuckled as he noticed the boy's expression.

"The whole Street is going to learn that I don't approve of an employee of mine speculating in the market on his own hook while he's working for me."

"That's why you're going to fire me, is it?" said Sid.

"Precisely. I'm going to use that as the excuse. I have been hunting for a reason to bounce you for three months back and now I'm glad to say you've furnished me with one yourself."

"If I had known you wanted to get rid of me I'd have resigned long ago."

Grigsby grinned like a famished goat.

"Young man, you evidently have not grasped my meaning; but I don't blame you. Now, look here; what I am going to say to you is in the strictest confidence. You're going to be publicly bounced from your situation as my messenger, it is true; but you're not going to be bounced from my confidence."

"Sir!" exclaimed Sid, still more bewildered. "I don't quite understand——"

"Keep your ears open and you will," interrupted the broker. "I have watched you closely for the past year and I have decided that you possess all the qualities that go to make up a successful broker. Left to your own devices you were bound to get there sooner or later. For reasons of my own I have resolved to hasten that moment. I want a new broker. Somebody that the Street will never suspect is in collusion with me. If I allowed you to resign as you intended, and you branched out in the way I intend you shall, what would be the inference after your record in my employ? Why, that I was backing you for a start at least. That won't do at all. I have got to adopt some means to disarm such a suspicion, without actually bringing you into disgrace. Nearly every broker in the Street who knows you has a good opinion of you. I have heard you praised a hundred times, and people wonder why I haven't promoted you. That was my business. Your salary has been raised from time to time, but you still remained my messenger. It is part of my business methods that outsiders shall not understand me. When you leave me next Saturday I shall make it public that you and I are through with each other for good. There is a suite of two rooms for rent at No. — Wall Street. You had better hire them as soon as you quite here. You can easily scrape up the necessary references. I think you showed me a letter from Goodwin, Nash & Co., in which that firm promised to do you a favor whenever you stood in need of it."

"Yes, sir," replied Sid.

"Very well. Call on Mr. Goodwin next Monday and tell him you are going into business for yourself, and you wish to refer the agent of the building to him. Don't fail to tell him that I have bounced you for speculating on your own hook, and be sure to give me as hard a name as you can—that'll please Goodwin," with a grin, "for he hates me like poison. I can stand it. You understand my meaning, I guess."

"I am beginning to see light," said Sid, with an intelligent smile.

"Your name will be put up in the Exchange for membership, and as you are so well liked I think you will have no difficulty in getting elected. At any rate, the seat is yours. It is worth \$88,000 and is to that extent a first-class asset. Mr. Baring will furnish you with the name and address of an old gentleman who is a thoroughly capable bookkeeper and cashier. He is acquainted with the stock brokerage business from A to Z, and will be of great value to you as an adviser. He may be fully trusted with the secret of your business. Mr. Baring will also send you his own stenographer, as it is inadvisable for you to hire a strange girl."

"Do you mean Miss Carter?" asked Sid, with a thrill of pleasure.

"I do. Mr. Baring thinks you and she will pull well together, and it is absolutely necessary to my interests that you have a stenographer who can be trusted implicitly. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Carter fills the bill in that respect," said Sid, enthusiastically.

"So Mr. Baring assures me. Now, whatever business I send you, must be executed with promptness and dispatch. My orders will in no case come to you direct, but through some broker in my confidence, and will invariably be in cipher, the key to which I will furnish you. If I require to see you personally, a note will reach you to that effect, appointing time and place. It is almost certain that I shall use you in my fight to retain control of the United Traction Co. I expect to have the battle of my life with Jim Bradford for the upper hand in that company. He and Winberry have held a considerable block of the traction stock for some time, and they have been gradually increasing their holdings. Still under ordinary circumstances they can only get so far and no farther. But a certain contingency is liable to arise in the near future which will throw a big block of the stock on the market. If this happens, and Bradford buys it in ahead of me, I am beaten. He is fully informed of this scheme, and will use every endeavor to prevent me from getting hold of it. I anticipate some trick on his part at the critical moment, and I propose to go him one better. It will be a case of diamond cut diamond between us. If Jim Bradford can get the better of Samuel Grigsby it will be a red-letter day for him in Wall Street. Now, Sidney, I am giving you the chance of your life to show what you're made of. I have little fear but you will come out a winner, for I am seldom mistaken in my estimate of a person's character. I am going to bank on you to a considerable extent. It is not impossible that the fate of my fortune may hang on the result of something you may be called upon to do. I am not afraid that you will fail me."

"You can depend on me to the letter, Mr. Grigsby," replied Sid, earnestly.

"I am sure I can. Remember, your reward will be in proportion to the service rendered. That is all now."

Grigsby returned to his desk, and Sid returned to the reception-room to ponder over the new phase of the business career he was about to enter upon.

CHAPTER VIII.—How Sid's Discharge Affects Different People.

"Mother," said Sid, walking serenely into the dining-room that afternoon just before supper. "I've got the G. B."

His sister looked up quickly from the lounge on which she was seated, and noticing the grin on his features began to smile as if Sid had said something amusing.

"What do you mean, my son?" asked Mrs. Grant, staring fixedly at her boy.

"Well, Mr. Grigsby had discovered that I have lately made a practice of speculating in the market. He says he can't have an employee in his office who tries to make as much money as the boss; therefore he said he thought it was time that I sought fresh fields and pastures new. So he has engaged another messenger to try to fill my old shoes, and the new boy starts in on Monday morning."

"And you are promoted to a better position in the office, is that it?" Nellie said, beamingly, for she thought she had guessed the riddle.

"No," replied Sid. "You're wrong. I'm not promoted. I'm out of the office for good and all."

"Oh, Sid," exclaimed his mother and sister in one breath.

"On Monday I start in business for myself," grinned the boy.

"In business for yourself!" they cried in surprise.

"Precisely, as Mr. Grigsby would say. I'm going to be the boy broker of Wall Street—the only one of his kind. A hummer from Hummerville, and don't either of you make any mistake about it."

"You don't really mean that, Sid," said his sister, doubtfully.

"I do mean it, sis," in a tone which assured them he was quite in earnest.

"Come, tell us all about it."

"I will as soon as I have had something to eat. Put up the supper, mother, will you—that's a good dear. I'm as hungry as a hunter."

Mrs. Grant, very much fluttered over the news that her son was about to leave his fine position, as she had always considered it, hastened to dish it up. Nellie herself was in a flutter of excitement and curiosity to find out what her brother's plans were. She knew that he had something like \$45,000 in the vault of the trust company, and that looked like a fortune in her eyes. As he had met with uniform success in his ventures on the market, she was not so surprised that he had decided to branch out on his own account. In fact, to say the truth, she was rather delighted than otherwise that her brother was about to become a real Wall Street broker. How nice it would be after this to refer to him as such.

How proud she would be of his business success. For surely he would now go on and make a raft of money; they would move into the new house Sid had been talking about buying, and mother and she would have everything they could wish for. Oh, yes, it would be just the nicest thing in the world for Sid to be a broker. When the meal was nearly over Sid told his mother and sister as much about the change in his business pros-

pects as he felt it would be fair to Mr. Grigsby to confide to them.

There are some business secrets it is necessary and right a person should keep to himself, even from his family, and Sid's arrangements with Mr. Grigsby was one of that sort. By Saturday it was known all over Wall Street that Sidney Grant, Grigsby's crackerjack messenger, had been fired because he had speculated in the market unknown to the big broker and contrary to his business views. A great many brokers, while they admitted that the boy should not have broken this unwritten rule of Wall Street, nevertheless were surprised that Grigsby should have sacrificed his own interests so far as to let such a bright and capable lad go. Several brokers sympathized with Sid on the loss of his job and immediately offered him a clerkship in their own offices at a good salary.

"Thanks for your offer," was the boy's polite reply to each of the gentlemen, "but I've decided to go into business for myself. I've made a good bit of money lately. And if I have been so successful while a messenger I don't see why I can't do ever so much better as my own boss."

Of course the brokers were very much surprised to learn that Sid had been so fortunate as his words indicated, as well as that he intended to open up as a broker. They had no idea he had made more than a few hundred, or possibly a thousand or two, and were curious to find out just how much he was worth. But Sid didn't believe in letting other people know his business, so he laughingly replied that he had acquired Amos Jordan's seat in the Exchange, and that his name was about to be put up for membership and he hoped all the brokers would vote for him, which they promised to do, though they thought he was joking. They made inquiries, however, and found that the Jordan seat had really been purchased for Sidney Grant, and they began to marvel how he had managed to make so much money.

They tried to find out what broker had been acting for Sid, and failed to do so, as Flint, Peabody & Co., who had done what business Sid had transacted, were not disclosing the confidential matters of their customers. All the brokers who were opposed to Grigsby, or had lost money through his clever manipulation of the market in years past, were rather glad to learn that the big operator had made such a mistake as to bounce so valuable an employee as young Grant, whom they had found from experience was incorruptible. Jim Bradford snickered when the news reached his ears. He immediately told his partner, Winberry, and they both laughed over the circumstance.

"The old fox will never get another boy anywhere like Grant," remarked Bradford. "He's a pretty clever youth, that Sid is. Why, he's going to open an office for himself on Wall Street, and Ned Baker told me he has actually purchased Amos Jordan's seat that was sold the other day for \$88,000. What do you think of that, Winberry?"

"I think it's a cock-and-bull story, Jim. Where would that boy get \$88,000?"

"He is reported to have made a raft of money out of the market in the last year. I've heard half a dozen brokers speak about his phenomenal success."

"How do you know that this boy is going into business for himself?"

"Goodwin told me so. He said Grant called on him to ask him if he could refer the agent of the Monadnock building to him. He wants to hire an office there."

"How came he to go to Goodwin for reference?"

"Some time ago he found a pocketbook belonging to Goodwin, Nash & Co., containing the day's bank deposit, a matter of a large amount, a good part in cash. He found it in the corridor of this building, and instead of swiping the money and getting rid of the checks, as he might easily have done, he returned it intact to the firm."

"The dickens he did! He's a remarkable boy," said Winberry.

"That made him solid with Goodwin. Goodwin is glad of a chance to help him anyway, if only for the satisfaction of getting in a rap at Grigsby. You know the firm hates the old fox as bad as we do on account of the squeeze he gave them in Rock Island six months ago. Goodwin said that Grant is down on his old boss like a carload of bricks, and can't say anything too bad about him."

"That so? Perhaps we might work him now for a few pointers on Grigsby's methods. We can put a little business in his way, pat him on the back, tell him how smart we think he is, and then pull his leg for all it is worth."

"That's a good scheme," grinned Bradford. "Just leave him to me. I'll work him to the queen's taste."

"We might take him in on this United Traction matter. It is not impossible that he may be wise to some of Grigsby's latest tricks to maintain his hold on the stock. If we're going to beat the old man out of this deal we've got to use every advantage we can get hold of."

"I'll keep your suggestion in mind, and if I think we can trust him I'll use him. I dare say he will be glad to take Grigsby down a peg out of revenge for his bounce."

The two brokers then began to talk about something else.

CHAPTER IX.—Sid Grant and Oakley Thorne Come to Blows.

Sid hired a suite of offices in the Monadnock Building to which he had been referred by Mr. Grigsby for \$1,800 a year, with the privilege of renewal at \$2,000. There was one fair-sized room which he intended to use for a counting-room, with a small space near the door for visitors to sit. On one side of this was a small room he proposed to fit up as his private den, and a still smaller one beyond he intended for Elsie's use. Each room not only communicated with the other, but also had a door opening on the public corridor. As soon as the lease was signed and the key was in his possession Sid bought the necessary rugs and office furniture, ordered such printed matter and stationery as he would need in the business, and sent a sign painter around to letter the counting-room door with the words, "Sidney Grant, Stock-broker," and the other two doors simply "private."

That same afternoon he went over to the Manhattan National Bank, according to prearrangement, and met both the president and cashier. Some powerful influence had secured him the special favor of becoming a depositor at this bank, with the privilege of signing checks on the concern. After signing a certain document, which the president retained, he followed the cashier to his room and signed the signature book. Then he received a pass book with an entry for the \$46,000 he had brought with him, and the formalities were over. Evidently somebody had guaranteed to be responsible for all the boy's transactions with the bank.

While Sid was superintending the placing of the desks and other fixings on Tuesday morning, a gray-haired, pleasant-looking man of 65 came into the outer office and asked Sid if his name was Grant.

"Yes, sir. Are you Mr. Black, who has been recommended to me as a cashier and bookkeeper?"

The visitor answered in the affirmative, and produced a letter to that effect from Baring & Co.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Black. I think we shall get along very well together," said the boy, who liked the man's appearance.

He showed his new bookkeeper through the suite, and then the man went away after promising to call in the morning at ten o'clock, which was the hour that Sid asked him to report. At one o'clock, while Sid was sitting at his desk in his own room, glancing over the previous day's market reports, there came a knock on his door.

"Come in," said Sid, wheeling around in his pivot-chair.

The door opened and in walked Elsie Carter, smiling demurely. Sid jumped to his feet at once and extended his hand eagerly.

"Welcome to my new quarters, Miss Elsie. Allow me to hand you to a chair."

"Thank you, Mr. Grant," she replied, with a rippling laugh.

"Mr. Grant! Oh, come now, Miss Elsie, I wish you'd make it Sid when we're all by ourselves."

"Oh, dear me, that wouldn't be proper, would it, considering you're my new employer?"

"Oh, pshaw! There's nobody here now to listen to you. I'm going to call you Elsie after this when we're alone—that is, if you don't object. What's the use of any formality between us? Of course, when I address you before others it will be Miss Carter."

"Very well—Sir."

"That's better. I presume you will be ready to report here Monday morning at nine o'clock, or you can make it half-past nine until further notice."

"Oh, yes. I was awfully surprised the other day when Mr. Baring called me into his office and told me that for very important reasons he was going to send me over here to work for you. He hoped I had no objection to making the change, for the work would be easy compared to what I was accustomed to handle in his office."

"Well, you haven't any objection, have you?" asked Sid, earnestly.

"Why, of course not," she laughed.

"You won't find me a hard boss, I assure you, Elsie."

"I am not afraid of that."

"Would you like to see your den?"

"I don't mind," she answered.

Sid took her into the inner office, which was furnished with a rug, a neat table for the typewriter, a round, beveled glass mirror for her to "see if her hat was on straight," as Sid jocosely remarked, and several water colors on the wall.

"Isn't it a lovely little office?" she exclaimed. "Ever so much better than my corner at Mr. Baring's."

"I'm glad you like it. When you go to lunch you can let yourself out this door. It has a Yale lock. I will give you the key on Monday."

Elsie seemed very much pleased with her new quarters.

"Now, Elsie, the reason you were sent to me is because I am likely to have some business of a very confidential nature with a certain broker, whose name must never be identified with this office. You may readily guess who that person is, but you must never breathe it outside. You are known to be thoroughly reliable in that respect; that's why you are engaged to work for me."

"Well, I must get back to the office. Mr. Baring told me to drop in and see you and let you know that I would come on Monday."

"All right, Elsie."

"Don't forget to give my love to Nellie."

"Of course not. She wouldn't forgive me if I did. She seems to be getting stronger ever since she and you became chums, and I'm going to have mother bring her down here some day."

"That would be real nice. I hope it will be soon."

"I hope so myself. Good-by."

"Good-by, Elsie," said Sid, holding the door open for her to pass out.

As he did so they came face to face with Oakley Thorne, who was standing outside staring at the inscription on the ground glass with the utmost astonishment. Evidently this was the first intimation he had had that Sid had branched out for himself. He was somewhat disconcerted when the door suddenly opened and Sid and Elsie appeared in the opening. He raised his hat in a gallant manner to the girl, and without noticing the young broker at all, remarked:

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Carter."

Elsie bowed coldly and walked off toward the elevator. Much to Sid's indignation, Oakley hurried after her and had the nerve to grasp her arm. She started back, and without a word of recognition endeavored to pass him. Thorne, though taken aback by her chilliness, nevertheless refused to be repulsed.

"Aren't you going to say a word to me, Miss Carter?" he asked, with a smirk.

"I am in a hurry, Mr. Thorne," she replied, icily.

"Well, I'm going your way. We can walk together. I have something to say to you."

"I must decline the honor of your company, Mr. Thorne."

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked in some surprise. "I thought you and I were great friends."

"Acquaintances you mean, Mr. Thorne. And very recent ones at that."

"Even so, Miss Carter. Still you never treated me so coolly before. Has Grant been trying to cut me out in your good opinion?" he added, angrily.

"You have no right to make such a remark, Mr. Thorne," she replied spiritedly.

"But I want to know if he has, so that I can chastise the little puppy as he deserves," persisted Thorne, almost furiously.

"Are you referring to me, Mr. Thorne?" exclaimed a voice at his elbow.

Turning about quickly he confronted Sid, who had followed them unobserved.

"Yes, I am referring to you, you fresh kid," snarled Oakley, shoving his clenched fist within an inch of Sid's nose. "You want to keep your lying tongue off me, do you understand?"

"Keep your fist away from my face," exclaimed Sid, brushing his arm aside.

With a howl of rage, Thorne struck out at him. Sid jumped aside, but only partially avoided the blow. Elsie gave a suppressed scream as she saw the blood trickle from a cut inflicted on Grant's forehead by a big ring Thorne wore on his little finger. Then something happened to Oakley. Sid sprang at him and with one blow knocked him staggering against the corner of the elevator, where he slipped and went down in a heap.

CHAPTER X.—A Deal in Options.

"Oh, Sid, Sid!" exclaimed Elsie, running to him; "this is dreadful. Are you much hurt?"

"A mere scratch, Elsie," he replied, reassuringly, brushing the blood drops away with his handkerchief.

Oakley Thorne, after lying dazed for a moment or two, sprang to his feet and made a dash at Sid, his face distorted with rage. Sid side-stepped and easily avoided the blow the infuriated young man aimed at him. But Thorne wanted vengeance, and nothing would stop him till he got it. The result was Sid had to get busy in his own defense.

"You will have it, eh?" said the young broker, parrying another vicious blow and smashing Thorne in the mouth with a force that set his teeth rattling.

"I'll kill you!" cried Oakley, making another dash at his opponent.

Sid coolly thumped him in the eye this time, while Elsie looked on with frightened, distended eyes. Thorne was so beside himself that he scarcely heeded the blow, but came on again like a wild beast. A couple of brokers came out into the corridor at this moment, and they regarded the combatants in surprise.

"What's the trouble?" asked one of the brokers, turning to Sid.

"This fellow attacked me, that's all. He was forcing his attentions on this young lady, who is a friend of mine, and I interfered."

"Do you know him?"

"I do. His name is Oakley Thorne. He is margin clerk for Bradford, Winberry & Co."

"Let me get at that puppy!" roared Thorne, struggling with the gentleman who held him.

"If he tackles me again I'll pound the face off him," said Sid in a tense tone. "He'd better go away and leave me alone if he knows when he's well off."

"If you two don't call a halt this is likely to be a police matter," remarked the broker. "Are you employed in this building?" to Sid.

"No, sir. My name is Sidney Grant. I am a stock broker, and have only just moved into the building."

"Why, you're only a boy."

"Don't worry about that, sir. I may be only a boy in years, but I'm a man when it comes to business, or defending myself against cads like that fellow."

The broker who had hold of Thorne was a big man, and the margin clerk, furious as he was, could not break away from him.

"Here, young man, this was gone far enough. Pick up your hat and leave the building or you may find yourself in a station house cell," he said to Oakley.

"Let me go, will you?" demanded Thorne.

"I will if you promise to leave her peacefully. Otherwise I'll send for the superintendent of the building and hand you over to him."

"Do come away, Sid," begged Elsie.

"I think you had better retire to your office, young man," said the other broker to Sid. "The sight of you only infuriates that chap. As soon as you are out of the way he'll cool down."

"Yes, yes, do come," urged the girl.

Somewhat against his will, Sid yielded and retired from the fray.

"Give me your handkerchief, Sid," Elsie said.

She ran to the wash-basin and wetting the handkerchief came back to where the young broker had seated himself and gently washed the blood away from the trifling wound.

"You're very good, Elsie," he said, looking at her wistfully. "But that's not worth bothering about."

He was glad, however, to feel her warm fingers resting upon his forehead, and when she removed the handkerchief he seized her hands in his and kissed them. Elsie blushed vividly, but did not remove her fingers from his grasp.

"I'll tell Nellie how kind you were to me, and she won't forget it."

"It isn't worth mentioning," replied Elsie, with downcast eyes.

"Elsie," said Sid, "forgive me for engaging in this scrap, but I couldn't stand by and see that fellow annoying you."

"There is nothing to forgive. You were very good to put yourself out for me. I shall never notice Mr. Thorne again."

"I hope you won't. He is not worthy of your attention."

"He wanted to walk back to the Vanderpool Building with me, and when I refused to have him do so he spoke disrespectfully of you. He is no gentleman."

When they went out into the corridor again it was empty, and Sid rang the bell to stop a descending cage. After she had stepped aboard she smiled a demure good-by and he went back to his office. Sid opened up shop for business on the following Monday. Between ten and the hour when Sid went to lunch quite a number of brokers who were on speaking terms with the

boy visited him to inspect his "sheep-shearing" apartments, as they jokingly called the office. They talked in a hail-fellow-well-met strain, and assured Sid that they wouldn't do a thing to him when they initiated him on the floor of the Exchange, if he succeeded in getting elected to membership.

"I dare say you'll do me up," laughed the new broker; "but it's only once in a lifetime, so I guess I can stand it."

"You'll be in good trim to take the Masonic third degree after we get through with you," laughed a broker named Jones, winking at the others.

"I suppose it will be permissible to get square on you chaps afterward, won't it?" asked the boy.

"In what way?"

"Oh, I mean to take a fall out of some of you in the market the first thing you know."

"Perhaps you'd like to buy a nice little block of M. & N. stock. It's ruling at 72 to-day. I'd like to get rid of it," said Jones.

"No, thank you. I don't want any to-day."

"I thought I'd make you take water," grinned Broker Jones, half sneeringly.

Sid didn't like the challenge for a cent, so he turned quickly on the broker and said:

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll take an option of ten days on 1,000 shares of that stock if your price is right. How much do you want cash down?"

"Are you talking business, or only through your hat?" asked Jones.

The other brokers laughed heartily.

"It's up to you, Jones," several of them said.

"I'll let you have it for \$600."

Sid thought a moment.

"All right, I'll take you. Write it out and I'll give you my check for the amount."

"Here's your option. Where's your check?"

"Here it is," replied Sid, writing it out. "Now how much will you give for me to let you off?"

"Well, if you haven't a nerve! I never made \$600 easier in my life," said Jones as he folded up the check and placed it in his vest pocket.

"You only think so, Mr. Jones. See that you have that stock when I call for it ten days from now."

"I'll have it all right, only you won't want it. You've bought the option at 72. Ten days from now it will be in the sixties."

"Maybe it will. You're taking that chance. Better buy it to-day if you want to make that \$600."

"Thanks for your advice, young man. As a broker you're only in your swaddling clothes. After you have bought a few more options like this one you'll learn wisdom."

"It's a wonder you haven't learned wisdom enough not to sell such an option on a rising stock."

"That's a good one," laughed the other brokers.

As a matter of fact, the stock on which Sid had bought the option was on the eve of a boom, and he had just discovered that fact and was arranging to buy 5,000 shares on a margin from Flint, Peabody & Co.; but Jones and the others were not aware of this important fact. So when Broker Jones chucked his bluff Sid took him up. The result was in five days time Jones, who didn't

hold a single share when he sold the option, but expected to buy it below 72, was rushed around like a wild man trying to get the thousand shares as close to 72 as he could.

The stock, however, was scarce for several days after the rise began, as people who had it held on to it when they saw it going up in value. Finally Jones had to pay 76 for the 1,000 shares. Then he notified Sid that he was ready to deliver it. The boys, however, coolly responded that there was no hurry, as the option had five days to run. Sid's reply made Jones mad because his money was tied up in the 1,000 shares, representing \$76,000 to him. The stock was liable to go to 90 inside of those five days, and here he was pledged to deliver it at 72. In any case, he would be out \$4,000 if the stock went no higher. On the morning of the tenth day Sid sold his 5,000 shares for 85, clearing nearly \$64,000. Then he called on Jones for the 1,000 shares, sending his check for the full value—\$72,000.

As soon as they had been delivered by the disgusted Jones, he took them around to Flint, Peabody & Co. and ordered them sold at the market price, which had risen to 86. They were soon disposed of and thus Sid added \$14,000 more to his bank account at Broker Jones expense. One or two of the brokers who remembered the transaction in Grant's office, followed it up, and when they found out that their brother operator had been badly caught by the boy broker they circulated the news all through the Street, and so Jones didn't hear the last of his option for many days thereafter, while all the brokers complimented Sid on his shrewdness.

CHAPTER XI.—Jim Bradford Calls on Sid Grant.

"If luck sticks to me in this fashion I'll be a millionaire in no time at all," said Sid to himself on the morning following the sale of the 1,000 shares of M. & N. stock he had received from Broker Jones, as he regarded with complacency Flint, Peabody & Co.'s check for \$85,750, which, together with the customary statement of account, he had received in the morning mail. "Here I've been just two weeks in business and I've cleared nearly \$77,000, and I've not yet been elected a member of the Exchange. After I have deposited this check I'll have a bank account of \$123,000. Counting the value of my seat in the Stock Exchange, I'm worth over \$200,000. Mother might as well pick out a residence in the suburbs that she and sis would like to live in. There's a nice place I was looking at in Caryl that we can get for \$8,000. If it suits mother I'll buy it for her right away and we can move up there."

He called in Elsie and dictated several letters to her. Then he showed her the checks and told her what his recent profits were in the two M. & N. deals.

"Now, Elsie," he said, "here's a letter in cipher which you can copy off on your machine on a sheet of blank paper. Here is a plain envelope which you can address to Samuel Grigsby. You've got his Wall Street number. I shall want you to take it down to the branch post-office, put a special delivery on it and mail it."

At that moment his messenger and office boy knocked at the door, and, being told to come in, said there was a gentleman outside who wanted to see him.

"Did you get his name?" asked Sid, as Elsie retired to her room.

"Yes, sir. It's Bradford."

"Bradford! Is it a tall man with a black mustache?"

"Yes, sir."

Sid gave a low whistle.

"That's Jim Bradford, sure enough," he thought. "I wonder what business he has with me? Does he suspect anything, and has come over to pump me? Or what can be his motive? It must be something worth while, or a big gun like the senior partner of Bradford, Winberry & Co. wouldn't drop in on a boy broker like me. I must be on my guard." Then he said aloud:

"Show him in."

A moment later Grigsby's bitterest opponent walked into the little room.

"Hello, Grant," he said, holding out his hand in a friendly way; "glad to see you're one of us. So you shook Grigsby at last, eh?"

"Hardly. It was Mr. Grigsby who shook me. But I don't think I've lost anything by it. Take a seat, Mr. Bradford. What can I do for you?"

"Well, you might go on the curb and see if you can get me 5,000 Erie preferred at 52."

"Is that an order?" asked Sid, in some surprise.

"It is. As soon as Winberry and I heard you'd broken loose from Grigsby and gone into business for yourself we decided to give you a lift, if only to get a crack at the old scoundrel, who I've no doubt wouldn't like to see you get on."

"I don't think he'd relish having you put anything in my way," laughed Sid, as he made a memorandum of the Erie order and handed it to Bradford to sign.

"I guess not," chuckled the broker, affixing his well-known signature to the paper and returning it to the boy.

"Thank you. Small favors are thankfully received," grinned Sid. "I will give this my immediate attention."

"You're welcome. How are you making out?"

"I haven't any kick coming."

"I understand that you were very successful in the market while you were with Grigsby?"

"I did very well for a boy."

"You say that well, Grant," winked Bradford. "Boys don't usually clear very large sums in their little ventures. Now it is generally believed in the Street that you have made \$100,000 or more while you were with Grigsby. Probably more, for you have bought a seat in the Exchange for \$88,000, and you'll be a full-fledged trader as soon as the boys elect you."

"I hope you'll use your influence in my behalf, Mr. Bradford. You know Grigsby may take it into his head to have me turned down."

"I'll do what I can for you, Grant. As I was just saying, you must have made money while you were in Grigsby's employ. Of course, the inference is that you made it through tips that you managed to pick up in his office," said Bradford, pointedly.

Sid was rather startled at this suggestion,

which reflected on his loyalty to Mr. Grigsby, and he hastened to deny it emphatically.

"There's not a word of truth in that, Mr. Bradford," he replied stoutly. "Tips don't float around Mr. Grigsby's office or your office either, I guess," he said with a slight smile. "Brokers are pretty careful, as a rule, about what escapes them. I worked over three years for Mr. Grigsby, and during that time he never let me in on the slightest——"

"Of course not," interrupted Mr. Bradford. "That isn't always necessary. You are an uncommonly smart boy—that's your reputation among the traders. Besides, it is believed that Grigsby trusted you to an unusual extent. At any rate, to all appearances you were his right bower between him and his outside brokers. Under such circumstances it is only natural to infer that a cute boy like yourself, after he had saved a little capital, would take advantage of anything that came under his eye."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bradford," said Sid, flushing hotly. "This looks like an insinuation that I appropriated information in an underhand manner."

"Don't get warm under the collar, my dear fellow," laughed the broker, lightly. "I'm not actually saying that you did anything of the kind."

"But I don't like the inference," answered Sid. "It is a reflection on my character."

"I am not accusing you, Grant," replied Bradford, with one of his wicked smiles; "but Grigsby must have had his suspicions, otherwise why should he have let you down so hard? From what I have heard about the street he is mighty sore on you. It isn't so much what he says against you; it's the way he says it. Now, there must have been something pretty serious in the wind when a man like Grigsby fires a boy of your calibre, whom he has educated up in the business for his own personal advantage. I have heard brokers say time and again that in their opinion Grigsby could better spare any two of his other employees than you. Now, in the face of all that, he not only discharges you of a sudden, but he does it in a way that shows that he is through with you for good. Under these circumstances you can't have any love for the old fox. If I was in your place, after getting such a throw-down, I'd do all I could to get back at him."

"How can I get back at him?" ventured Sid, hoping to draw Bradford out.

"Oh, there are lots of ways of doing that," said the broker, mysteriously, getting down to the object of his visit.

"You might mention one or two," said the boy, wondering what the broker was aiming at, for certainly with all their shrewdness and experience Bradford, Winberry & Co. had not so far got the best of Samuel Grigsby in any very important particular.

"Look here, Grant, you know there is a movement on foot by certain opposition interests to oust Grigsby and his friends from the control of United Traction. You know that, don't you?"

Sid nodded.

"Of course you do. It is going to be a pretty fight in which everything will count. You know in a general way that Winberry and myself are at the head of the opposition; that we are leav-

ing no stone unturned to win our point—the control of the holding company. If we succeed, Grigsby and his directorate will get the bounce and our crowd will take charge of the road. You follow me, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Now any boy who gives us a lift in the fight we shall take care of in a handsome way, do you understand?"

Sid nodded.

"Well, here's your chance if you know of any of Grigsby's traction secrets. Name your price for any pointer that will be valuable to us and you shall have the money, spot cash. In addition, I will guarantee to throw a certain amount of business in your direction. Now, Grant, here is the chance of your life. What do you say?"

Sid had no pointer on United Traction in his possession, nor would he have been so dishonorable as to have sold any information that would have injured Mr. Grigsby, even if he had not been, as he was, in his former employer's confidence. As part of the game he was working in Grigsby's interest it was necessary that he should try and hold Bradford's confidence, and to that end he made a play for time so as to enable him to communicate with his late boss and get a line on his course of action.

"I will consider your proposition," he said. "I do not admit that I have any information about United Traction that would be of any use to you."

"You leave me to judge of that," said Bradford, eagerly. "I'll tell you what I'll do with you," drawing out his check book. "I'll give you \$1,000 now as a kind of retaining fee, as lawyers call it. This is independent of the price for such information as you may have. If your pointer is worth anything to us I will pay you for it according as it pans out. If it is of no value to us, you can keep the thousand anyway. That's fair, isn't it?"

"It's fair enough," replied Sid, "but I can't accept it."

"Why not?" asked Bradford, with a frown.

"Because I must have time to figure on this thing before I think of making any kind of deal with you."

"Nonsense! Why do you want time? I've got the money; if you've got the goods the matter can be adjusted now. In any case you will be \$1,000 in."

Bradford didn't believe in letting anything get away from him. Sid felt he was forced into a corner. Bradford was a hard man to stand off, yet Sid had to do this somehow, or maybe lose an important advantage which had come his way. How was he going to do it?

CHAPTER XII.—In Which Sid Sells A Gold Brick to Jim Bradford.

It was an embarrassing moment for Sid, and he was wondering how he was going to extricate himself from the predicament without offending his visitor, when his office boy knocked and announced that two ladies were outside. He remembered at once that his mother and his sister had promised to call on him that morning. He gave a sigh of relief. They couldn't have come

at a better moment. He told the boy to send them in, much to Bradford's annoyance.

"Mr. Bradford, this is my mother," said Sid, as Mrs. Grant, nicely dressed, walked into the room.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, madam," bowed the broker, relinquishing his chair.

"My sister," said Sid, presenting Nellie, who looked as sweet as a June rose in a fetching gown, though the crutch under her left arm told a pathetic tale.

"Delighted to know you, Miss Grant," said the big broker. After a few words had passed between them, Mr. Bradford turned to Sid.

"I'll expect to see you at my office after three," he said. "By that time I hope you will have made up your mind to accept my proposition."

"I will be there," replied Sid.

The broker then wished the ladies good-by and took his leave.

"Mother, if you only knew it you couldn't have dropped it on me at a better time," said her son, in a tone of great satisfaction.

Elsie darted into Sid's room like a fawn and had her arms about Nellie in a twinkling.

"Don't mind me, mother," said the boys, turning to his desk; "I have an important matter to attend to that will require my attention a few moments."

He got out his cipher code and wrote a second message to Mr. Grigsby, telling him briefly about Bradford's visit, his position, to which he had to give a definite answer at three o'clock that afternoon, and asked for instructions. When he had finished this note he turned around in his chair.

"I'm sorry to interrupt this delightful tete-a-tete, but I've got important business for Elsie to attend to. It will take her out of the building a little while, but I'll try to entertain you both myself until she returns, when it will be almost time to go to lunch."

He told Elsie to copy the cipher note in a familiar manner in which she had done with the first one and hand both copies and originals back to him. When she had done this he signed them with his signature word, which identified the communication as coming from him, placed them in the plain envelope, sealed it carefully and told Elsie to take it to a district messenger office for immediate delivery. She was gone about fifteen minutes, and during that interval the young broker showed his mother and sister over his offices, with which they were delighted. Sid then went out to make a business call, leaving the ladies together. As soon as he came back he remarked it was time to go to lunch.

He took them to a very nice restaurant on Broadway, where they spent an hour over their meal, after which Mrs. Grant and Nellie took a Broadway car for home, and Sid and his pretty stenographer returned to his office, where he found a messenger boy waiting for him with an envelope. He signed for it and opened it as soon as he got to his desk. It was a communication in cipher from Mr. Grigsby, in which that gentleman furnished Sid with a bogus pointer or two to carry to Mr. Bradford. Sid chuckled after he had deciphered its meaning.

"It's like taking money under false pretenses to sell this thing even to the enemy; but that's

the way things are worked every day in Wall Street. Bradford wouldn't hesitate an instant in doing the same thing to Mr. Grigsby. There's going to be a hot old time before the destinies of United Traction are settled. Bradford and his clique will have to be slicker than greased lightning to win the final trick. It's my opinion when the end comes their name will be mud."

Three o'clock found Sid Grant waiting to be admitted to Mr. Bradford's private office. He had to cool his heels for twenty minutes in the reception-room while the big broker was closeted with an important client. Then Sid's turn came and he was shown into the inner sanctum.

"Well," said Bradford, in a sharp, business-like one, wheeling around in his chair and confronting the boy. "Are you willing to talk business?"

"Yes, sir."

"I promised you \$1,000, I think, as an eye-opener."

He took up his checkbook.

"I won't take a cent from you, sir, unless my pointers are worth something to you."

Sid thereupon laid before the big broker the tips furnished him for the purpose by Mr. Grigsby.

"I'll have to verify this information," said Bradford, when Sid had concluded; "but it looks good enough as it stands for a thousand. I'll give you that much now, and later on I'll send you another check if results seem to warrant it."

"You won't forget to throw some business in my way, too, will you?" said Sid.

"I'll see that you get a share of what we give out," answered the broker, handing the boy his check for \$1,000.

"Thank you, sir," said Sid, rising to go. "I hope you understand that I am not guaranteeing anything. I have given you this information just as it came to me."

"That's all I expect of you, Grant. Good day."

"Good day, sir."

Sid passed into the outer office and came almost face to face with Oakley Thorne. The margin clerk stepped back with a scowl of deadly hate on his countenance, and clenched his fist as if he meant to strike the young broker. He thought better of it, however.

"I'll pay you back one of these days, Sid Grant," he hissed, vindictively, and with those words walked on into the counting-room.

"Perhaps you will," chuckled Sid to himself, as he walked out into the corridor, "but it's my opinion you will not."

CHAPTER XIII.—How Sid Wins the Girl of His Heart and What Happened to Him Afterward.

Sid did not deposit the Bradford check in his bank, but took it on the following morning to the safe deposit vaults, where he had a box, and locked it up. He was an honorable boy and he did not think he ought to use money that came to him in a questionable way. He meant to return that check to Mr. Bradford some day, together with any other he received from the same quarter in a like connection. When he got back to his office he found an order from Grigsby, which had come through Baring & Co., to pur-

chase 10,000 shares of C. & R. I., to be paid for C. O. D. on delivery to Baring & Co. He managed to pick up 3,000 shares among the curb brokers, and the rest he got after making a tour of a number of offices, including Mr. Jones, where he went last.

"Yes," snapped Broker Jones, who hadn't forgotten Sid for the smart deal the boy had worked upon him, "I've got some Rock Island. What are you paying for it?"

"The market price," replied the boy broker, coolly.

"That's 117. I want an eighth more."

"Well, seeing it's you, Mr. Jones, I'll call you. Have you 1,600 shares?"

"Yes. Are you buying them for yourself?"

"No, sir. They will be paid for on delivery to Baring & Co."

"All right. Here's your memo."

Sid then returned to his office and handed his bookkeeper the evidences that he had purchased 10,000 shares of C. & R. I. for Baring & Co.

"Well, Elsie," he said, as he looked in on his stenographer, who was trying to kill time with a popular novel, "you don't seem to be over-worked."

"No," she laughed; "things are rather slow compared to what they were at Baring & Co. Can't you scare up a little more business, Sid?"

"Elsie," he said, placing one hand on the book, "I want you to listen to me. I want to tell you that I care more for you than any one in all this world, even Nellie and mother." His voice grew tender and his eyes moist as those loved names dropped from his lips. "I want you to know that I love you with all my heart, with all my soul, and I want you to say that you will marry me some day when I have made my mark in the world. I know you won't be offended with me for telling you this. Tell me, Elsie, do you care for me in the same way?"

She dropped her face in her hands. Then he slipped one arm around her waist. She made no movement to repel him, and he felt encouraged.

"Do you love me, Elsie? Will you be my wife some day?"

"Yes, Sid," she answered softly and buried her blushing happy face on his breast.

That afternoon Sid sent a message to his mother that he wouldn't be home to supper because he was going over to Elsie Carter's house to tea. It was eleven o'clock when he approached his home, along Christopher street. At that hour the thoroughfare was lonesome and deserted. There were two men, however, standing in the shadow of a low stoop. Both were dressed in rough jackets. They wore beards and slouch hats. Sid noticed them standing back in the gloom as he passed, but thought they belonged to the house. There was also a carriage without a driver drawn up alongside the curb a few feet away.

The next thing Sid knew he was suddenly seized from behind and was being forced toward the carriage. He was taken so by surprise that for a moment he made no resistance. Then he brought all his strength into play and almost succeeded in twisting himself free. One of the men, fearing he would shout for help, had put his right hand over the boy's mouth. Sid de-

liberately grabbed one of his fingers between his stout molars and bit so that the man almost screamed with pain.

"Slug him, Stetson!" he cried to his companion, at the same time hitting Sid with his left an ineffectual blow in the face.

The man referred to as Stetson struck Sid in the jaw a heavy blow, and that made him let go of the other's finger. In the struggle which ensued the beards on the faces of both men became disarranged, which showed that they were false ones. Sid finally wrenched one of his arms loose and slugged the fellow whose finger he had bitten. The blow tore the beard entirely from his face, and the gleam from a distant street lamp fell on his countenance. Sid recognized him.

"Oakley Thorne!" he exclaimed.

Then he received a terrible blow from something hard that fell upon his head from behind, and with flashes of red shooting before his eyes he fell to the sidewalk unconscious.

CHAPTER XIV.—Oakley Thorne Crows Over Sid Grant.

Some hours afterward, when Sid came to his senses and stared around in the utter gloom of a strange place, he wondered where he was and what had happened to him.

A key rattled in a lock, the door opened, and one of the persons who had attacked him on Christopher street entered the room with a lamp in his hand, which he put down on a marble-top table in the center of the apartment. Sid eyed his visitor closely, and, though his beard was properly adjusted, the boy was convinced this was Oakley Thorne. He came forward to the mattress on which Sid lay and perceived that the prisoner had recovered consciousness and was looking at him.

"Well, how are you feeling, my buck?" he said.

Sid made no reply to those words, and for a moment or two his enemy glowered down on him as if he had half a mind to attack him, helpless as he was.

"Do you want to know what I'm going to do with you?" said Thorne at last.

Sid didn't answer him.

"I'm going to ship you out of the country."

"If you should succeed in carrying out your threat, you will pay pretty dearly for it when I get back."

"You're going to be taken where you'll work for the rest of your life, chained to a gang of rascals who will be glad of such a companion as you to amuse themselves with. You're going to work in a salt mine, Sid Grant, thousands of miles from here, and once you're underground you'll never see the light of day again as long as you live," and the speaker chuckled sardonically, rubbing his hands together as if the picture he drew of the boy's fate particularly pleased him.

"I'm going to leave you to dream over the picture," grinned Thorne. "I hope you'll enjoy it."

He took up the lamp, and with a final look at the boy left the room. Several hours elapsed before the light of a new day began to find its

way through the chinks of the closed shutters that barred the only window in the room. Sid did not close his eyes during that time. He made several desperate but fruitless efforts to get free of his bonds. Then he began to consider how he was going to escape from this unfortunate situation. He didn't believe that Thorne could carry out the diabolical threat he had laid before him, even if the rascal was really in earnest about it, of which he had his doubts.

It was altogether too big a contract for such a person as Oakley Thorne to carry out, with the limited resources he had at his command.

The day passed drearily away. He paced the room like a caged animal, wondering what would be the end of it all. He worried himself almost sick thinking about his mother and his crippled sister, for he knew they must be wild with anxiety over his unaccountable disappearance.

CHAPTER XV.—The Deal Which Carried With It the Control of United Traction.

The night of the fourth day had closed in, and Sid was desperate enough to attempt anything that offered the slightest chance of opening an avenue of escape. Oakley Thorne had not reappeared, and that was the only atom of satisfaction he had enjoyed since he had been cooped up in the room. Usually a negro had brought his supper after dark, but though Sid was looking for him to appear any moment he did not come.

Just then he saw a gleam of light under the door and heard approaching footsteps. The door opened and, instead of the negro, Thorne appeared with the tray and a lamp. He looked cautiously about the room before he entered, and seeing that Sid was lying down on the mattress he walked to the table and deposited the tray and the lamp upon it. Sid sprang to his feet, but Thorne was on the watch and took a revolver from his pocket as he backed toward the door. A daring idea had darted through the boy's mind when he saw Thorne enter the room in place of the big negro. He knew he was a match for the margin clerk, with something to spare. Even the sight of the revolver did not deter the now thoroughly desperate boy. But, instead of rushing at Oakley, as had been his first intention, he made for the table.

This action threw Thorne off his guard a bit, for he thought Sid was famished and was eager to eat. Sid had no intention of eating. He grabbed up the cup of hot tea and hurled it at Thorne, and then jumped for his enemy. The cup hit Oakley in the chest near his neck and half of the tea flew in his face, causing him to utter a howl of pain. Before he could recover Sid had him by the throat with one hand, while with the other he tore the revolver from his grasp. Reversing the weapon, he struck Thorne a stunning blow on the forehead, and the clerk went down on the floor. In a fever of excitement Sid dragged the fellow over to the mattress.

He picked up the cord with which his own hands had been bound and tied Thorne's hands tightly behind his back. Then he tore a piece off the mattress large enough to effectually gag

Oakley. After that he tied his legs together and left him.

He turned the lamp low, opened the door, passed through, locked it on the other side, and put the key in his pocket. Then, with his shoes in his hand, he passed down the stairs to the next floor. Here an obstacle presented itself. Two men were coming up the first flight, and he must be discovered unless he returned back to the third floor. However, he had one other alternative. The door of what seemed to be a sitting room near at hand stood ajar. He decided to enter that room and conceal himself until the way was clear. Hardly had he got out of sight behind a heavy portiere when the two men entered the room, and one of them turned up the gas. The light fell full on their faces, and Sid was amazed to recognize one of them as Jim Bradford, the big Exchange place broker, who was dressed in an evening suit. The two men sat down within earshot of Sid's place of concealment.

"Now, let us proceed to business," said Bradford, in his sharp, business-like tones. "You are Gregory Grindle, the attorney for and co-executor for the estate of the late Matthew Bramble?"

"I am that person," replied the other in suave tones.

"You made me a proposition in reference to the block of United Traction stock left to the widow."

"I did, and in accordance with your request I appointed this interview."

"Exactly. Have you obtained an order from the Probate Court empowering you to sell that stock?"

"I have."

"I should like to see that order. This is a big deal, and it is necessary that I should be fully assured of the ground I stand on."

"You shall see the order, Mr. Bradford. You will find it all right."

The man went to a small desk near by and produced a paper which he handed the big broker, who after carefully scanning it pronounced himself satisfied.

"Now," said Mr. Bradford, "United Traction closed this afternoon at 195 3-8. I will give you 196, ten per cent. down, for which I will hand you my check, and the balance on delivery of the stock at my office at two o'clock to-morrow."

"I will accept your offer," replied Mr. Grindle, after a moment of thought.

"Very good," replied Bradford, in a tone of satisfaction, and Sid thought he detected a covert smile of triumph about his lips. "There are 6,000 shares in this block. At 196 that amounts to \$1,176,000."

He took out his checkbook and a stylographic pen.

"There, Mr. Grindle, is my check for \$117,000. Please give me your receipt for that amount on account of the purchase of the 6,000 shares of United Traction in question."

Mr. Grindle wrote out the receipt and handed it to his visitor.

"Thank you, sir. I think that ends our business. Come out with me to the cafe down the street and I will open a bottle."

Mr. Grindle went into an adjoining room, got his hat, and the two men left the room together.

Sid knew that the block of United Traction which had now practically passed into the hands of Jim Bradford and his associates represented the shares Samuel Grigsby had been moving heaven and earth to retain in his interests. As matters now stood Mr. Grigsby was beaten, and on the morrow he would know it.

He turned to leave the room and came face to face with an elderly man in his shirt-sleeves, whose face was white and drawn, and whose hands were torn and bleeding. Sid started back in consternation and the other seemed similarly affected.

CHAPTER XVI.—The Greatest Boy in Wall Street.

For a moment there was an awkward pause. Then the man who had entered the room spoke:

"I suppose you will try to prevent me leaving this house, young man, but as sure as my name is Gregory Grindle, I will make every man concerned in this outrage sweat for it."

"Gregory Grindle!" gasped Sid, in a tone of astonishment. "Why, Mr. Grindle just left this house a moment ago."

His surprise was so palpable, and his manner so pacific at the moment, that the elderly gentleman looked at him fixedly and with no little curiosity.

"Are you not in this plot to detain me a prisoner here?" he asked, with a kind of eagerness in his manner.

"No, sir. I don't know who you are. Nor have I ever seen you before. Neither do I understand why you assert that you are detained as a prisoner in this house."

"Are you not connected with this house?"

No, sir. I was brought here against my will five nights ago and have been held a close prisoner in a room above ever since. I was trying to avail myself of a chance to make my escape."

"Indeed! You interest me, for I was brought here myself last night under similar circumstances. Who are you, and why have you been treated in this way?"

"A young scoundrel named Oakley Thorne, who is a broker's clerk, is at the bottom of the outrage," replied Sid, answering the second question first. "His object was personal revenge. My name is Sidney Grant."

"Sidney Grant!" repeated the gentleman. "The name sounds familiar to me. Are you connected with Samuel Grigsby?"

"I was his messenger for three years. I am now in business for myself."

"Then I can trust you," said the gentleman, with an air of relief. "What did you mean by saying that Mr. Grindle left the house a little while ago?"

"Because I saw him leave this room with a well-known broker, and heard them both leave just a moment before you came in here."

"How could that be, when I am Mr. Grindle?"

"But the broker addressed him as Gregory Grindle."

"He did, eh? I begin to see that I am the

victim of some kind of a plot. What passed between these men? Did you hear all their conversation?"

"I did, and will tell you. But had not we better leave this place while we have the chance? This man who I heard addressed as Grindle, and who seems to be the person who occupies this house, may return at any moment."

The gentleman's eyes at that moment rested on a wall telephone at the other side of the room. His eyes lit up and, quickly turning, he closed the door and locked it. Then he went to the phone, and in answer to Central's reply asked for the night manager. When the connection was made he requested to be put in communication with the police station nearest to the house. When this was done he asked that a couple of officers be sent to the house at once.

Sid, now wondering what was going to come of this affair, told all that had taken place at the interview between the presumed Gregory Grindle and Jim Bradford.

"It is all perfectly clear to me now," said the gentleman. "I am Gregory Grindle, lawyer and co-executor of the Matthew Bramble estate. The man you saw is a fraud. Will you describe him to me?"

Sid did so.

"It is as I thought. He is John Grady, my business associate, of whose integrity I have recently had grave doubts. He is familiar with the fight between Samuel Grigsby and the Bradford clique for the control of United Traction. He has got possession of the order I received from the Probate Court to sell the stock belonging to the estate, and his purpose is to sell the stock by impersonating me for the time being and make off with the proceeds of his villainy. But I will thwart him."

"Then this sale of stock to Mr. Bradford is not binding?" asked Sid, eagerly.

"Certainly not. Now, my lad, just look out of the window and watch for the officers. Let me know if John Grady comes back before they arrive."

Two policeman were presently seen approaching the house, and at Mr. Grindle's request Sid went to the hall door and admitted them. When Grady came back, after an hour's absence, he was thunderstruck to find that the tables were turned on him. A carriage was procured, and he and the still unconscious Oakley Thorne bundled into it. The pair were locked up in the station, to be sent to the Tombs next morning. Sid and Mr. Grindle then separated to go to their homes.

Mrs. Grant and Nellie had been in a state of distraction during the five days of Sid's absence, and they received him as one risen from the dead. They listened to the story of his adventure with wonder and indignation. The first thing Sid saw in the morning papers was that Samuel Grigsby had met with a serious accident by being thrown from his carriage in Central Park. Sid rushed up to his house, but was told he could not be seen. From here he went to his office, where his bookkeeper received him almost hilariously, inquiring what had been the cause of his absence. Sid told him the whole

story. The boy was in his private room when Elsie appeared at ten o'clock.

"Oh, Sid, Sid, dear Sid!" she cried, springing into his arms. "Where have you been? What happened to you?"

Of course, the young broker had to tell her everything. An hour later Sid, with a purpose in view, called at the office of Mr. Grindle and found him in.

"Mr. Grindle, I want to buy a thirty-day option on that block of United Traction stock at the market price, which is 195 5-8 this morning. What will you charge me?"

"I don't care to sell such an option, Grant, but I'll tell you what I will do. I'll sell you the stock at 196, if you can manage to raise ten per cent. of the sale price to-day among those interested with Mr. Grigsby in the control of the company."

"I accept your offer, Mr. Grindle; but delay is not necessary. The price of the 6,000 shares at 196 is \$1,176,000. I will give you my personal check for \$117,600, which is ten per cent. of the full price."

This was satisfactory to Mr. Grindle, and fifteen minutes later Sid Grant held evidence that he was the boss of the situation in United Traction. He and Mr. Grindle went at once to the Tombs Police Court, where they had to appear against John Grady and Oakley Thorne, respectively. Their arrest and a few details of the charge against them had appeared in the earlier edition of the afternoon papers. This account had been read by Jim Bradford with astonishment and dismay. Then he went up to the court to see what more he could learn about the matter.

When the prisoners were remanded for the action of the grand jury and Sid was leaving the court with Mr. Grindle, Mr. Bradford stepped up and asked the lawyer if he would recognize the deal he (Bradford) had made with John Grady under the impression that he was dealing with the real Gregory Grindle.

"Sorry, sir, but I have sold that stock to this young man, nad have received his certified check for ten per cent. of the purchase price. I shall have to refer you to him."

Jim Bradford was staggered, but recovered himself in a moment.

"I want that stock, Grant," he said. "What will you take for your interest in it as it stands?"

"I am not selling it at present, Mr. Bradford," replied Sid, politely.

Nothing more was said then about the stock, but the next day Bradford and his associates headed a bear attack on United Traction, and gradually forced it down to 178, thereby nearly wiping out the boy's invested interests in the shares he held. On the morning of the tenth day Bradford decided on bringing the matter to a crisis. He sent word to Sid that he would call on him at eleven o'clock, and he also sent word to several of the more prominent brokers interested with him in obtaining the control of United Traction to meet him at Sidney Grant's office. Sid had expected to see Jim Bradford, but the advent of the others was a surprise to him. Bradford stated that the object of this meet was to persuade Sid to sell out the traction shares.

"Your ten-day limit is up to-day," he said. "Your hold on the traction market will cease at noon unless you can raise the balance of the money. Samuel Grigsby is out of the fight. Where will you get the \$1,058,400 necessary to take over those shares with the stock down to 178? Already you are out \$108,000 of your \$117,600. Transfer your claim on the stock to us and we will make good your loss."

Sid was clearly driven into a hole. He had put up almost every dollar he owned to save United Traction for Mr. Grigsby, in the hope that his old employer would be able to respond before it was too late. But as day by day went by, and Mr. Grigsby showed no hope of improvement, that hope grew less and less, and now at last the end was nearly at hand.

At that moment the door opened and a messenger boy entered with a note addressed to Sid. Mechanically he took it and tore it open. He glanced at the signature and his face suddenly lighted up.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning to Bradford and his associates, "I am much obliged for your generous offer to save me from the loss of \$108,000, but I must decline it. This bit of paper answers all my purposes."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Bradford, a bit apprehensively.

"I mean that I am now in the position to pay the balance of the money due Mr. Grindle at noon to-day for that United Traction stock. I hold in my hand Samuel Grigsby's check for \$1,058,400."

The brokers fled the place demoralized. A month afterward, when Mr. Grigsby was able to resume business, Sid turned the stock over to him, receiving the \$117,600 he had paid on the shares to hold them; his commission of \$1,500 and \$100,000 in grateful appreciation for his loyalty to the Grigsby interests. Thus, without considering the value of his seat on the Stock Exchange, to which he was duly elected a member, he was worth a quarter of a million in hard cash.

Grigsby circulated throughout Wall Street the news of Sid's heroic stand-out in United Traction in his interest while he lay at death's door at his home during those fateful ten days, and thus it became known that Grigsby's apparent break with his late messenger was all a blind and part of a deep game of the old man to maintain his hold on the traction interests. Sid in consequence became the most popular young trader in the Street. Oakley Thorne and John Grady were subsequently tried and convicted and got a long term in Sing Sing. In due course of time Sid married Elsie Carter, built a splendid home in Larchmont and joined many aristocratic clubs.

Next week's issue will contain "THE CHANCE OF HIS LIFE; or, THE YOUNG PILOT OF CRYSTAL LAKE."

"Save me a sample of everything the patient takes," directed the young doctor. "He took a kiss this morning," faltered the pretty nurse.

CURRENT NEWS

SCHOOLBOY POISONS HIMSELF WHEN
DENIED AN AUTOMOBILE

Downhearted because his mother said she could not afford to buy him an automobile, Edward Cox, 19, captain of the Medina High School baseball team, Medina, Ohio, committed suicide by drinking poison.

After arguing the subject, Cox said to his mother: "You will be sorry." He then went out and is believed to have purchased the poison, drinking it on his return home.

EARTHQUAKE IN FRANCE

An earthquake at 3.32 p. m., Feb. 22, rocked buildings for ten seconds at Cautes and other places in France. The walls of some buildings were cracked while doors were thrown open and furniture was broken.

The quake was particularly severe at Bagneres, where several buildings were badly shaken. Chimneys were thrown down and the populace fled in panic from their homes. Nobody was injured and property damage was relatively slight.

CAPTAIN KIDD, 1924

Piracy up to date, certified by the United States and Canadian governments, surely causes the uneasy spirits of Capt. William Kidd and Sir Henry Morgan to gaze with envious longing on the possibilities that lie outside the three-mile limit.

A pirate craft, though not flying the Jolly Roger, bore down upon a liquor-laden ship bound from St. John, N. B., to Bermuda, made her its prize, put the owner's agent in irons, won over the crew and steered for "Rum Row." There they are said to have disposed of 4,300 cases at \$30 a case, and with \$120,000 in legal tender sailed for parts unknown. Except that there was no bloodshed, the whole incident savors of the days of skull and crossbones.

In spite of all the romantic legends of pirate gold, it is questionable if Kidd or Morgan or any others of the 16th and 17th Century buccaneers and freebooters ever could boast that a single "business venture" had yielded booty that sold for \$120,000 in hard cash.

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Wrecked On The Desert

— OR —

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued).

"Say, don't shoot them. I know a better way. We've got the gold, Tony, and if what we made Manuel tell us about this underground river is true, we will have an easy getaway. Let's tie 'em up and take down the ladder and leave them to starve. There has been too much killing, anyway."

There was rope in the boats, and the tying was quickly done. The Mestizos then went to attend to the ladder.

"Don't despair," said Edna then. "Father will find some way of getting at us," and she went on to tell of the canyon.

They heard the ladder come crashing down, and soon the Mestizos returned.

They spent some time examining a bottle of their liquor and drank several times. At last they made a start, pulling away without a parting word.

"We are up against a long wait, I suppose," Arthur remarked at last.

"I have firm faith in my father," declared Edna. "He'll head them off at the canyon—you'll see."

And, as we know, so it was, as far as the boats were concerned. Soon the splash of oars was heard, and Pedro yelled:

"Oh, here comes the boss! He's got the boats!"

It was a joyful meeting. Quickly all hands were set free, but the mystery of the vanishing of the two Mestizos was never solved.

And this was the end of all trouble.

The ladder, which was not broken, was restored to its place, and the grip, suitcase and nugget were brought down by Jack.

As there was now no reason for delaying this start it was promptly made.

To describe the pull down that remarkable river would be monotonous, for little was to be seen in the lantern light. In due time they emerged into the open, where they halted and spent the night ashore, next day pulling on to Overton.

Here Doctor Furman's friend, who kept a miners' general store, supplied the mule-team, as expected, and the party drove to Java, shipped the gold by express to Prescott, and followed themselves by train.

The parting at Prescott was hard for Jack, but it was a happy one, too, for he and Edna had come to an understanding.

At last Jack Fennister had fallen in love, and knew that he was loved in return.

Before Jack and Arthur started away, the gold was sold to the smelter. It realized something

over \$50,000. Jack's nugget brought \$16,000, of which Arthur got half.

And this ended prospecting in the desert. The boys went back to Seattle by train.

Jack and Edna corresponded regularly, and at the end of the year were married at Prescott, where they continued to live, Jack going into business in the miners' supply line, at which he has been very successful. Doctor Furman lives with them still, and as Jack recently wrote to Arthur, he has grown greatly attached to his father-in-law.

Arthur is married also, and Fanny Russell was his choice. He is now a practising lawyer in Seattle and doing well.

In the letter referred to, Jack mentioned that from a prospecting party, which had just come in from the Ralston Desert, he learned that they came at a certain point upon the wreck of an old automobile. The car had turned turtle, and beneath it lay the remains of a man fully answering the description of Dr. Glick.

He, like our boy prospectors, had been Wrecked on the Desert.

(The End.)

COMING NEXT WEEK!

A NEW SERIAL STORY

— Entitled —

ROB AND THE REPORTERS

— Or, —

Hustling for War News by Wireless

By GASTON GARNE

Don't miss this interesting story which
BEGINS NEXT WEEK!

NEW HUGUENOT HALF DOLLAR

Shopkeepers, street car conductors and subway change makers will be puzzled during the next few weeks by the "Huguenot half dollar," a new coin which made its first official appearance in New York recently.

Except for the words, "United States of America" and "In God We Trust," there is nothing on the coin to remind the average citizen of the currency he knew. On that side of the coin also appears "Huguenot Half Dollar." The other side shows the ship, Nieu Nederland, which bore the first thirty-two Walloon families to the Middle States in 1624. Its inscriptions read: "Huguenot-Walloon Tercentenary—1624 to 1924—Founding of New Netherland."

The coin is intended as a memorial feature of the tercentenary celebrations to be held next May under the auspices of the Huguenot-Walloon New Netherland Commission, Inc., instituted by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

GOOD READING

WALLS MADE OF PAPER

A new building material made from waste paper and designed for ceilings and wall linings has been perfected by a Swedish engineer, and production on a large scale soon will be undertaken.

The raw materials are ordinary waste paper such as accumulates in cities, clay and sulphate lye, the cheapness of which warrants an inexpensive finished product. The covering is said to be fireproof and durable; can be applied by unskilled labor, will take paper paint or stain, and can even be polished. It is a good non-conductor, and does not respond to changes in temperature.

A NEW ELECTRIC SIREN

The little electric siren is only a few inches high but is little in size only, for the screech of the little red head is terrible. This is supposed to be an "indoor" size, but it would answer for a small town perfectly well. A steam or air siren is all right where pressure is obtainable day or night, but this is often difficult, while electricity is always available. The small size is only 10 inches high and is actuated by a one-twelfth horsepower motor. The relatively large rotor is surrounded with a wire screen to keep out birds and sleet and is equipped with a sheet metal roof which also serves as a sounding horn and distributes the warning in all directions. As a burglar alarm for banks, it is particularly useful as it may be sounded from any point. This siren has several elder brothers which are all right for outdoor use and render fire signalling easy.

TEMPLE OF GOLDEN CALF UNCOVERED BY EXCAVATORS

The Temple of the Golden Calf, mentioned in the Old Testament, has been found by the joint expedition of the University of Pennsylvania Museum and the British Museum near Ur of the Chaldees, Dr. George B. Gordon, director of the university museum, believes. He expressed the belief recently that Nebuchadnezzar's temple, which the expedition has uncovered, is identical with the Golden Calf Temple.

The Bible story of this temple, in the Book of Daniel, relates how three Israelite brothers, refusing to worship the golden image of a calf erected by King Nebuchadnezzar, were cast into a fiery furnace, but emerged unharmed. From photographs of the excavated temple and other data Dr. Gordon deduces that this temple is the one mentioned in the Bible.

IRON WITH A HISTORY

Several years ago a rusted leg iron was found near Snake Butte, four miles north of Pierre, S. D., and over which the Black and Yellow trail strikes north. Besides the leg iron was also found a file. The iron was placed in the State museum, although there was nothing of historic interest attached to it at the time, and even now the finder is unknown.

Recently Thomas Tuttle, an educated Yanktonnais Indian from Fort Thompson, was going through the State House looking at the relics in the museum, accompanied by an older Indian, Okasake—the Whipper—who was much interested in the collection. Okasake at once recognized the iron and told the dramatic circumstances surrounding it, as follows:

In the autumn of 1863 a scout camp of Yanktonnais in the Government employ was located near Snake Butte. One of the scouts was lying on the peak of the butte as a sentinel, and this man noticed some Indians approaching from the north. He watched the approaching Indians and soon discovered they were Santees, being Two Bull and his son and a nephew on a horse stealing exploit to the fort.

The Yanktonnais scouts spread out and captured the Santees, turned them over to the soldiers at Fort Sully and they were placed in irons. Soon afterward Two Bull's nephew escaped but blundered into the Yanktonnais camp at the butte and again was captured. A council was held and it was proposed to put the captured man to death, but it developed that he was a near relative of one of the scouts, therefore it was determined to set him at liberty.

The young man still wore the leg irons which had been put on him at the fort. He succeeded in removing them by driving the rivets with the aid of a file which he used as a punch. In his flight he dropped the irons where they were found years afterward.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

SOMETHING TO KNOW

You will need a 50 ohm rheostat to use a UV199 or C299 tube with a six volt battery. In case you employ three volts, the ordinary 6 ohm rheostat can then be utilized.

The range of a crystal detector depends upon local conditions, size of antenna, etc. However, a good crystal set should receive music over a distance of about twenty miles. WD tubes function as detectors with about 22 volts plate voltage. When used as amplifiers 45 volts should be used.

SQUEALS IN ENGLAND, TOO

It has been generally understood in America that England is free from the squeals of re-radiating receivers, thanks to a law barring regenerative receivers unless operated with a stage of radio frequency as a "muffler." The London *Mail's* columns would indicate that this is not the case. Says the *Mail*: "The 'howling' of 'oscillation fiends' played havoc with Captain Eckersley's gears while he was endeavoring to bring in the U. S. A. broadcasting stations." This newspaper warns its readers that the law against the use of reaction (regeneration) directly coupled to the antenna is still in force.

WHO INVENTED THE THREE ELEMENT TUBE?

Dr. H. Preston Pratt has invented, according to news reports from Chicago, a new kind of three-element audion tube, and is planning to put it on the market. If the report is true, there promises to be a legal battle for honors and patent rights. To make the situation more interesting, Doctor Pratt claims that he, and not Dr. Lee DeForest, invented the three-element tube. Doctor Pratt says that he invented his first three-element tube in 1897.

For Doctor Pratt's new tube these claims are made: Less noise, no distortion, free from inductive and static disturbances, better reproductive capacity, greater volume, operates on from 1 to 150 plate voltage, consumes 1-30th of an ampere in current, long distance easily tuned, more rigid and more durable than present tubes, signal strength proportionate to plate voltage.

The Pratt tube contains two small cups, one on each end of the tube. Between these are a spiral filament, a spiral grid and a spiral plate. The reflectors (cups) are claimed to control the material particles, electrons, molecules and atoms which, Doctor Pratt says, are "running wild" in the present tubes.

The two reflecting surfaces concentrate the material particles in the center of the tube at the central spot, taking them away from the outer surface of the tube. From this central point these material particles complete the filament plate circuits of the tube."

TRANSFORMERS NOT STANDARDIZED

Audio frequency and radio frequency transformers take many shapes, but they all have four binding posts on them, two for the primary winding and two for the secondary. Differences are often marked differently, and some are not even marked at all.

Although there is no standard system of labeling the posts, in most instruments the two primary ones are lettered "P" and "B."

This means that the former should go to the plate post of the tube whose output it is amplifying (either directly or through the phones, tickler coil, etc.), and the latter to the positive of the B battery, passing through the phones if these happen to be between the transformer and the filament. Sometimes the primary posts are marked "P1" and "P2," or just "1" "2," with the word "primary" between them. In this case the "P1" and "P2" correspond to the "P" and "B" respectively.

The secondary binding posts are usually indicated by the letter "G" and "F." The first goes directly to the grid post of the amplifying tube, while the second is brought to the negative side of the tube filament, preferably to the arm of the rheostat in the negative leg of the circuit. Sometimes the "F" is replaced by an "A" or a mere "—." Following the scheme used on the primary, the secondary is often marked "S1" and "S2."

If the transformer is not marked it is a simple matter to determine which windings are which. Select two posts and connect in series with them a single dry cell and a pair of phones. If the click is heard when the circuit is closed or open one of the windings has been found. Then change the wires to the other two posts and repeat the test. It will be found that the clicks obtained from one pair will be noticeably louder than those from the other. This pair of posts leads to the primary winding, the other to the secondary.

4,760 MILES BY RADIO RELAY

An unknown American radio operator situated in Tokio, Japan, recently sent a radio message to his mother at Cambridge, Ill., through amateur radio station 7HG, in that city, operated by Charles York, marking the first two way short wave communication across the Pacific Ocean. With only a fleeting contact, barely allowing time for the message to come through, York had considerable difficulty in distinguishing the foreign operator's call, JUPU.

While the signals of amateur transmitters in the United States have been reported by ship operators in remote sections of the Pacific and as distant as the island of Ceylon in the Indian Ocean, this incident is the first in which an amateur has worked both directions across the 4,760 mile stretch of ocean. The message was delivered via the American Radio Relay League traffic system.

The contact hardly had been made and the

message copied when communication was interrupted by heavy interference. It was about 1 a. m. when York heard a station on 200 meters and singing with the unfamiliar Japanese call. For a brief interval signals were good at both stations.

The station operated by York is situated on one of the highest hills in the surrounding country. He has done a great deal of long distance work, his best previous two way record being to communicate with Canadian amateur station 1AC, situated in Nova Scotia. He had also worked 6CEU in Hawaii and amateurs in every radio district in the United States with the exception of those in the second and fourth.

His antenna is supported by a 65-foot pole at the free end and a 4-foot pole at the lead in end. It is a six wire flat top 50 feet long with a counterpoise directly underneath.

RADIO FOG SIGNALS

Radio beacons serve as lighthouses except that they flash Hertzian waves instead of light beams. Each radio beacon has a characteristic signal, so a ship's operator can distinguish the different beacons, similar to the way navigators know lighthouses by the color of the light. A vessel equipped with a radio compass may determine its bearings from the radio beacons, although they may be invisible.

A radio fog signal has been established by the Bureau of Lighthouses on the Nantucket Light Station, Nantucket Shoals, Mass. The characteristic of the signal consists of a group of four dashes every thirty seconds. The Canadian Government has established a radio beacon on the Heath Point Lightship, off Heath Point, Gulf of St. Lawrence. The station transmits on 1,000 meters with a spark of frequency of 500 cycles. The characteristic signal of this station is a series of groups of four dashes broadcast for sixty seconds, followed by a silent interval of four minutes. The elapsed time from the beginning of one group of dashes to the beginning of the next group of four seconds.

All radio beacons transmit on the 1,000-meter wave length, but all requests to radio compass stations for bearings or positions should be made on 600 meters. Radio beacons operate continuously during foggy weather, and in clear weather daily from 9 to 9:30 a. m. and from 3 to 3:30 p. m.

Other radio beacons now in operation by the United States Lighthouse Service are: Fire Island Light Vessel, New York—Groups of two dashes for twenty-five seconds; silent twenty-five seconds. Ambrose Channel Light Vessel, New Jersey—Signal dashes for twenty seconds; silent twenty seconds. Sea Girt Light Station, New Jersey—Groups of three dashes for sixty seconds; silent sixty seconds. Cape Henry Light Station, Virginia—Groups of two dots followed by one dash of twenty seconds; silent fifteen seconds. Diamond Shoals Light Vessel, North Carolina—Groups of two dashes for thirty seconds; silent thirty seconds. San Francisco Light Vessel—Groups of two dashes for thirty seconds; silent thirty seconds. Blunts Reef Light Vessel—Single dashes for thirty seconds; silent thirty seconds.

The Leviathan was recently equipped with a new radio compass which will enable the navigators to know the exact position in foggy weather after the ship is within 150 miles of Nantucket Light.

AMATEURS COVER THE WORLD

To the radio amateur the letter DX call up a vision of immeasurable distance that would have made our ox cart pioneers and forefathers blink in amazement, but is now easily obliterated with the pressure of fingers on a brass key. This business of "packing up the old kit bag" for the sake of the wanderlust that is in all of us now has, through radio, a modern version that does not require the lifting of a foot over one's doorstep. That is the major fascination in the wonderful game of amateur radio, the thrill that comes with each new conquest over space and time, ability to reach the ends of the world.

You read on every hand how the possession of a receiving set from the simple single circuit tuner to the latest model superheterodyne brings "the world into the home," but seldom have you read how easily a radio transmitter can take you out into the world.

For a little more than the same amount of effort that it would take you to equip your home with a radio receiving set, you can install a telegraph code transmitter. Sixteen thousand young men have done that in this country. It all started with the neighborhood line telegraph, but it ended in 1923 by making amateurs of the world neighbors.

It is remarkable when one realizes the odds that have been encountered and the technical obstacles that have been overcome by a comparatively small group of experimenters in this modern winning over the space. It is comparable only to the heart-breaking efforts of those who have in years gone by in giving us the little office globe that we can twirl with a movement of the hand and put our finger on every country and city of any consequence on the earth. Just as surely as undiscovered territory was won over by the pioneers, so is the art of amateur radio making international citizen radio a reality.

In the interval of a few years since members of the Radio Club of Hartford, Conn., were considering as a great triumph code transmissions over a distance of thirty miles, these amateurs have communicated direct with amateurs on the West coast, and their transmitters are heard frequently in Europe. Interest in amateur radio is keen in New Zealand, Australia and some parts of the South American and African continents, giving promise of the day when amateur radio will have put its foot on every natural barrier.

Canadian amateurs are sending messages across the continent. The Australians have rubbed elbows with California. The island of New Zealand is one of the latest entrants into the world amateur fellowship without legal bonds and tugging for greater contact, a louder CW twang and a whole lot more punch to the DX. The American Radio Relay League is bringing together amateur transmitters all over the world.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

ELEPHANT THROWS PASSENGERS IN PANIC

The old adage that "an elephant never forgets" is worrying officials of a circus company wintering at Havre de Grace, Md.

For two years they have been trying to make "Chief," their biggest elephant, forget how to pull the emergency air brake cord on railway trains. Recently, while he and some of his brothers were en route from Philadelphia to Havre de Grace in what is known as an automobile car, attached to a Pennsylvania line accommodation train, "Chief" wrapped his trunk around the cord and gave a hard pull.

Passengers were thrown from their seats and were almost panic-stricken.

After the train reached Havre de Grace it was revealed that "Chief" had done the same thing three times two years ago while on his way to Syracuse.

157,000 WORK FOR FORD

Employment in the Ford Motor Company's organization, it was announced recently, is now at the highest point in its history. The total number of employees in all of the Ford plants in the United States is approximately 157,000.

The largest number in any single manufacturing units is at the Highland Park plant at Detroit, where 68,500 men are at work.

Other manufacturing units, including the Lincoln car plant at Detroit, and the plants at Kearny, N. J.; Hamilton, Ohio; Green Island, N. Y.; Glassmere, Pa., and Poughkeepsie, N. Y., employ close to 11,000 men.

More than 4,000 men are at work on the company's timber and iron ore properties in the upper peninsula of Michigan. Ford coals mines in Kentucky and West Virginia are giving employment to more than 3,500 men, and the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton, the Ford railroad, employs in excess of 2,500 men.

In addition there are about 700 employees in the Henry Ford hospital at Detroit and more than 700 in the Henry Ford Trade School at Highland Park.

GULLED

A sea gull with a splinter of wood at least six inches long, that had entered the breast and was protruding through the back between the wings, was the startling spectacle that greeted a crowd of visitors on the Pine avenue pier, Los Angeles, Cal. A physician who was among the spectators declared it to be a novelty among novelties in bird life, for the wound caused by the shaft of wood had been apparently healed and the splinter had become a permanent part of the gull's anatomy.

The bird was captured for examination and the physician expressed the opinion that the sea gull would probably die from blood poisoning if an attempt were made to remove the wooden shaft. It is probable, old timers on the pier declared, that the gull, a clumsy, awkward bird, had collided with a splintered board while attempting to land on some old pier or shed along the water front and, after being wounded, had stowed itself away to nurse its injuries.

The wooden splinter does not, apparently, interfere with the sea gull's flying apparatus.

LAUGHS

Magistrate—Last time you were here I told you I hoped never to see you again. Delinquent—Yes, sir, I know, sir—but I couldn't get the officer to believe me.

Mary—What did the specialist say about Mrs. De Vere's frightful attack of kleptomania? Mabel—Oh, he said she must take things more quietly in future.

Friend—How does it happen that you have so many Japanese things in your room? Young Wife—Just before I married the contents of a Japanese shop were sold by auction. All these things are wedding presents.

First Gossip—So you was nivver axed to the funeral? Second Gossip—Nivver as much as inside the house. But you just wait till we hev a funeral of our own an' we'll show 'em!

A judge who was not renowned for intellect said angrily to counsel: "All you are saying is beyond the point. I pay no heed to it. It simply goes in at one ear and out at the other." "Well, what is there to prevent it, me lud?" retorted the counsel.

"Will you give me a character?" asked the lazy one. The employer sat down to write a non-committal letter. His effort resulted as follows: "The bearer of this letter has worked for me one week, and I am satisfied."

The telephone in a well-known surgeon's office rang and the doctor answered it. A voice inquired, "Who is this?" The doctor readily recognized the voice of his 7-year-old son. Although an exceedingly busy man, he was always ready for a bit of fun, so he replied: "The smartest man in the world." "I beg your pardon," said the boy. "I have the wrong number."

BRIEF BUT POINTED

HAWAII NATIONAL PARK

The Department of the Interior has just issued for free distribution a 16-page illustrated booklet on Hawaii National Park, which is described as a playground of easily accessible marvels available 365 days in the year. The booklet describes the various park trips from the city of Honolulu. The park is comprised of three separate areas, two of which are on the island of Hawaii, the third being on the island of Maui; this latter, the Haleakala section, contains the largest extinct volcano in the world within the crater of which it is said could be placed the city of Philadelphia. The Kilauea section contains the famous "Lake of Everlasting Fire," which is so convenient of approach that automobiles are driven to the brink of the pit. The Mauna Loa section includes the huge crater of Mokuaweoweo at the summit of Mauna Loa, altitude 13,675 feet. The Mauna Loa trip is described as a three-day riding or hiking excursion from the Kilauea Volcano and it is said the lava formations provide a variation of interests that more than rewards one for the rather strenuous climb. Copies of the Hawaii Park booklet may be obtained by addressing the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

SLAYERS COW WARDEN AND FLEE DEATH CELL

Emery Connell and Joe Sullivan, convicted of murder in connection with the slaying of two Little Rock detectives, and Eulos Sullivan, under sentence to be electrocuted soon for the killing of J. Walter Casey, a United States Deputy Marshal, escaped from death cells at the Arkansas Penitentiary recently.

They held up Warden Martin and his nephew, R. M. Haskins of Kansas City, when Martin and Haskins went to the men's cell with their breakfast.

Martin and Haskins were covered with pistols by the three prisoners who previously had helped up an armed guard and locked him in a cell.

Haskins was locked in a cell and Martin forced to lead the way to his automobile in the prison yard. The three men got in and forced the warden to drive through the prison gates, where the trusty guard recognized him and passed him readily.

The warden drove a mile from the prison, then the three men put him out and sped on toward the city. Warden Martin telephoned an alarm, and all available police are patrolling roads leading out of the city.

HEROES OF QUEBEC

At the siege of Quebec, Captain Ochterlony and Lieutenant Peyton, both of General Monckton's regiment, fell before the breastworks near the falls; the former mortally wounded, the latter severely in the knee. Two savages pushed down upon them with the utmost precipitation, armed with knives. They first seized on Captain Ochterlony, when Lieutenant Peyton, who lay re-

clining on his fusée, discharged it, and the savage dropped immediately on the body of his intended prey. The other savage advanced with much eagerness to Lieutenant Peyton, who had scarcely time to disengage his bayonet, and conceal its disposition. With one arm he warded off the proposed blow, and with the other laid the assailant lifeless at his side. A straggling grenadier, who had happily escaped the slaughter of his companions, stumbled upon Captain Ochterlony, and readily offered him his services. The captain, with a spirit and bravery of a true Briton, replied: "Friend, I thank you, but with respect to me, the musket or scalping knife will only be a more speedy deliverance from pain. I have but a few minutes to live. Go; make haste, and tender your services where there is a possibility it may be useful." At the same time he pointed to Lieutenant Peyton, who was then endeavoring to crawl away on the sand. The grenadier took Lieutenant Peyton on his back, and conveyed him to a boat, but not without each receiving a wound.

NAVY AVIATORS TELL OF PERILS IN JUNGLE

Details of the adventure in which Lieutenant H. S. Wooster and J. J. Dimshock, chief machinist's mate, navy aviators, who took part in the recent manoeuvres in Caribbean waters, nearly lost their lives in tropical jungles, are contained in a report which has just reached the Bureau of Aeronautics.

Piloting torpedo and bombing planes and accompanied by mechanics, they were detailed to make a photographic reconnaissance in a flight across the Isthmus of Panama. The planes became separated in a cloud bank close to the mountain peaks on the Pacific side of the Isthmus.

Lieutenant Tate returned to the Langley on schedule, but Lieutenant Wooster and Dimshock remained unaccounted for after the time had expired in which their fuel supply would have been exhausted. A search for them was continued for four days.

A relief party was landed from the Langley and natives were enlisted in the search, while airplanes also engaged in the hunt. Wooster and his assistant were flying close to the mountain peaks of Pinola Pass when overtaken by a violent rain squall. By skilful handling of the airplane they landed in the treetops of a jungle forest; but they were hurled out, and the plane was demolished. Dimshock sustained painful minor injuries.

The emergency rations carried by all planes in manoeuvres, consisting of a few cakes of chocolate and a can of navy beans, were salvaged from the wreckage and the aviators started to make their way out of the jungle. Three days and three nights in the wilds of Panama on starvation rations intervened before they were able to reach David, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus, where the news of their safe arrival was relayed to the naval authorities.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

COUNTING WOMEN'S NOSES NEW GAME

Counting the noses of society women is the latest pastime around the tables at Monte Carlo and in the most fashionable restaurants on the Riviera. The idea developed from the discovery that scores of prominent visitors this winter were showing unmistakable signs of being addicted to cocaine sniffing.

The first indication of this is a noticeable contracting of the small muscles on both sides of the nose which even massage and beauty plasters cannot conceal. When the habit is well established the nasal opening assumes an unhealthy red hue and the habit is further betrayed by a constant scratching of the nose. As a result non-users of the drug find the detecting of sniffers just as interesting as was the English beaver game last winter.

Nearly 200,000 packets of vegetable and flower seeds are now being distributed by the Brooklyn Botanical Garden to the boys and girls of Brooklyn. Among the flower seeds there are sweet alyssum, aster, calendula, cornflower or bachelor's button, dianthus, dwarf and tall marigolds, morning glory, dwarf and tall nasturtiums, phlox, sunflower, verbena and zinnia. Beans, beets, carrots, kohlrabi, lettuce, onions, radishes, sweet corn, tomato and turnips are on the list of vegetables. This is tested seed, which, if given fair treatment, cannot fail to grow. It is being distributed through the schools.

Last year the Garden distributed 170,413 packets to the Brooklyn school children. A charge of 2 cents a packet is made. The work of putting up the packages is in charge of Miss Maude Hickok, instructor, under the general supervision of Miss Ellen Eddy Shaw, curator of elementary instruction.

THE WILD CATFISH OF THE ANDES

The catfish of the Andes is another member of the finny family able to propel itself along out of the water and ascend rocks, and still another specimen of catfish is found in Egypt which, like its South American brother, breathes comfortably out of water and spends much of its time on dry land. According to John T. Nichols, Curator of Fishes at the American Museum of Natural History, these climbing fish and other members of the fish family that spend considerable time out of water have a large spongy substance just under their gills.

"The gill structure of this group functions in the air as well as in the water," said Mr. Nichols. "In tropical countries, where the water gets hot, the fish cannot get the oxygen they need in rivers and creeks, so they leave the water, sometimes for quite long periods of time. In most fish the spongy substance under the gills collapses as soon as the air touches it and ceases to function."

Mr. Nichols said many well-known authorities had written on climbing fish, which were not at all uncommon in many countries.

An observer of the habits of the climbing cat-

fish in Colombia, South America, where the torrential character of the rivers makes going against the current an almost impossible feat, even for a fish, tells of the well-developed breast muscles by means of which the catfish propels itself along over the rocks.

"Under usual conditions," said this authority, "they are clumsy and awkward swimmers, wriggling through the water like tadpoles, but as creepers and climbers they are without rivals in the fish family." And he adds, after a paragraph on watching a finny family scrambling over the rocks to get out of the way of the current: "The total vertical distance through which the fish climbed measured eighteen feet. When undisturbed they covered the distance without a fall."

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Act Right Now

Let me send you my big free book giving details of the opportunities electricity offers you and a sample lesson also free. Mail the coupon and get this at once.

Learn how other men "got themselves ready to hold good paying jobs" and how I can help you do the same. This is your big chance—take it.

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Chief Engineer, Chicago
Engineering Works,
Dept. 203, 2150 Lawrence Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
CHICAGO ENGINEERING
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Name.....

Address.....

W. E. Pence
in his working togs



Chehalis, Wash.,
Oct. 9, 1921

Mr Cooke:—

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Dear Sir: Send at once Sample Lessons, your Big Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid without obligation on my part.

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A NEW THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF MERCURY

The origin of the planet Mercury has been to some degree a puzzle to scientists for some time. A recently promulgated theory, which European scientists pronounced "daring, but rather attractive," states that Mercury was once part of the planet Venus.

According to Darwin's theory, the moon was once a part of the earth, and was torn off during a time of high solar tides, which increased the sun's attracting power enormously. Venus and the earth are nearly alike in size, but Venus is much nearer the sun, and if a similar disruption took place the displaced part would be larger than our moon and be torn off with more force—so much so that it would escape from its mother planet's attraction entirely and fall into an independent orbit of its own around the sun.

The fact that Mercury has a long rotation period tends to support this. Another thing which lends its support to the idea is the fact that the whiteness of Mercury and that of the moon are nearly alike in degree — their "albedoes," to put it in scientific language, are practically similar.

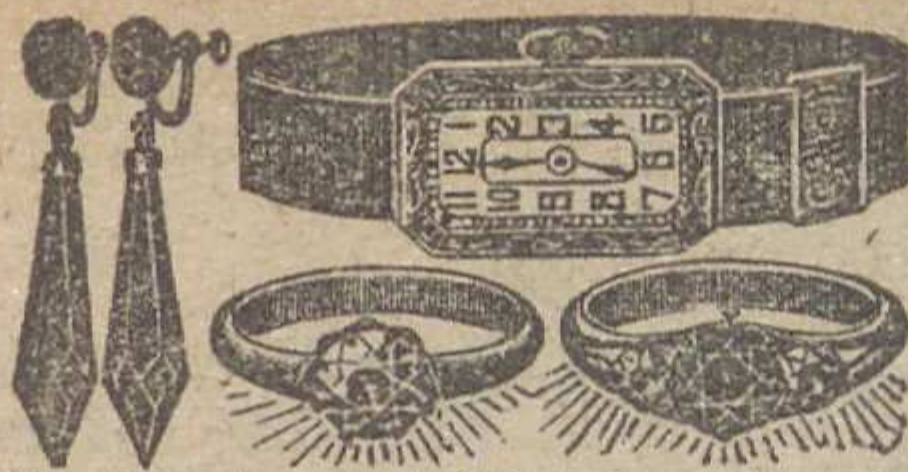
RING STOLEN BY CAPT. KIDD FOUND ON SOUND BEACH

A curiously shaped gold ring, said once to have been a part of the jewels of a British King, and which tallies in detail with one which disappeared from the English court in 1610 and since has been listed on the records as of unknown whereabouts, was found by Charles Burns of the local Fire Department in the sand near Thimble Islands, Conn.

Thimble Islands long have been noted as a rendezvous of Capt. Kidd, and it is believed the ring was a part of the treasure loot of the pirate, who, according to legends, buried his spoils in this vicinity.

History states that the nearest resemblance to the ring was worn by Lady Catherine Grey, and it is said to have signified her marriage with the Earl of Hertford. Queen Elizabeth, displeased with the union, sent Hertford to the Tower of London in confinement and subjected Lady Catherine to many hardships.

Burns has deposited the ring in a safe deposit vault and has refused an offer of \$2,000 for it. He says he intends to make a further search of the beach in hope of uncovering other trinkets.



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